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Vol. CLXXIX No. 2333 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 7 1944

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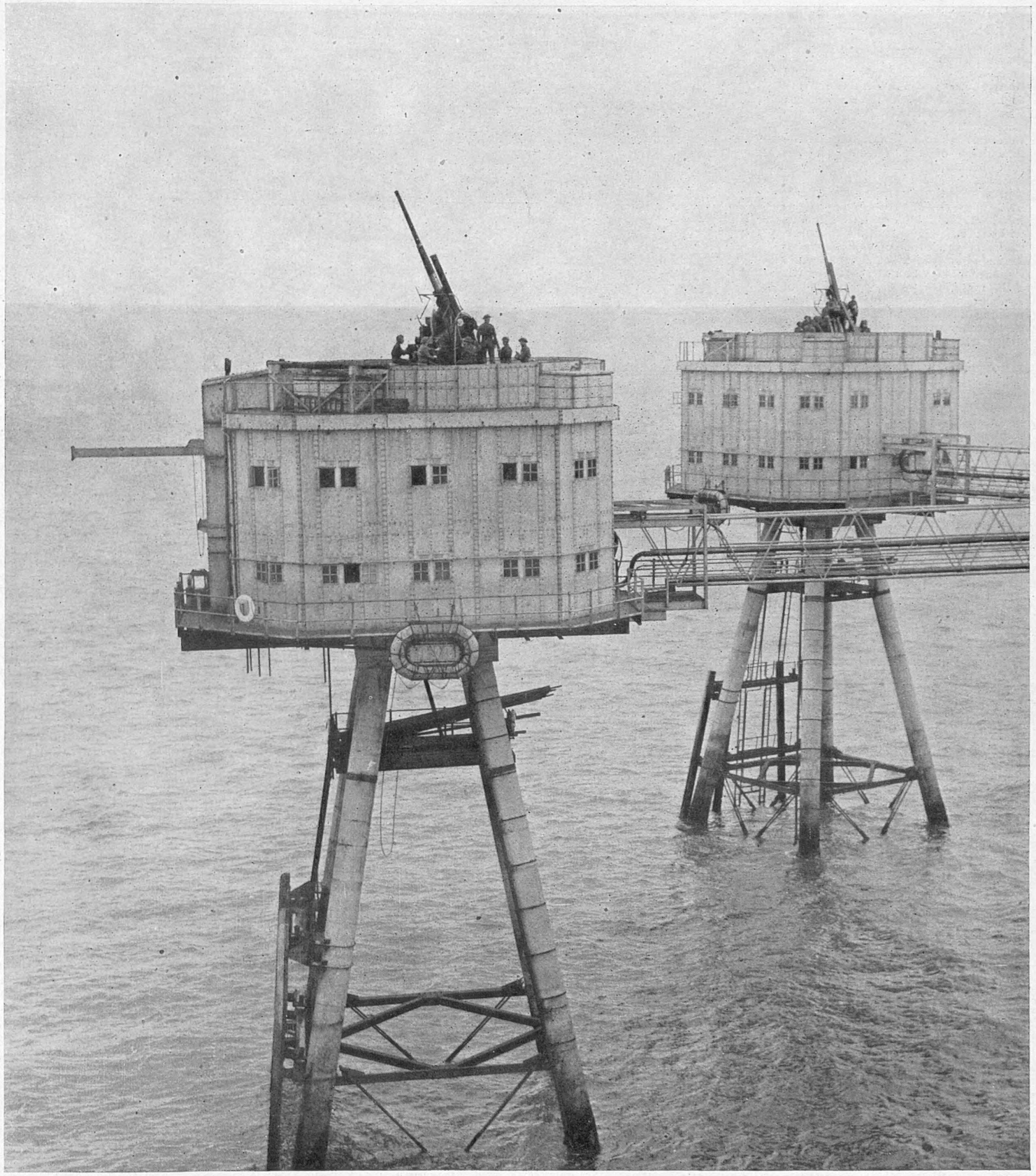
Volume CLXXIX No. 2333 The SPHERE, London, October 7, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



HOW THE COASTS AND PORTS OF BRITAIN WERE DEFENDED: TWO OF THE SEVEN CIRCULAR TOWERS OF A FORT BUILT IN THE SEA, to guard our shipping lanes against German mines and mine-laying planes. Primarily they were formed as First Line Invasion Defences. Each of these towers was constructed ashore, towed out to sea, sunk on sandbanks and joined up with cat-walks (*see also page* 3)

On this and the following page one of the great secrets of the war is revealed, for the first time in completeness. For two years visitors to resorts on the Thames Estuary have been puzzled to know the real purpose of the towers they could see rising out of the water miles away. They were built to keep the Port of London open to shipping, their primary task being to shoot down and beat off enemy planes laying mines in the narrow, navigable channels of the Thames. Designed by a civil engineer, the towers were built at Gravesend, towed out by tugs and sunk to the river-bed. Upon the towers large steel platforms were built, and on these heavy and light anti-aircraft guns and other armament were mounted. The forts were manned by seventy Royal Marines and commanded by R.N.V.R. Lieutenants: six weeks on duty, followed by a fortnight ashore, was the normal routine. The forts took the names of the shoals on which they were built. The success of the naval forts impelled the Army to follow suit, and at the beginning of this year three of these, mounting many anti-aircraft guns, had been completed. They differ from the naval forts, as each consists of seven squat, circular towers mounted high on four concrete legs and all inter-connected with flying bridges 80 to 100 ft. long and about the same distance above the sea. Two of these towers are shown in the above picture

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 266

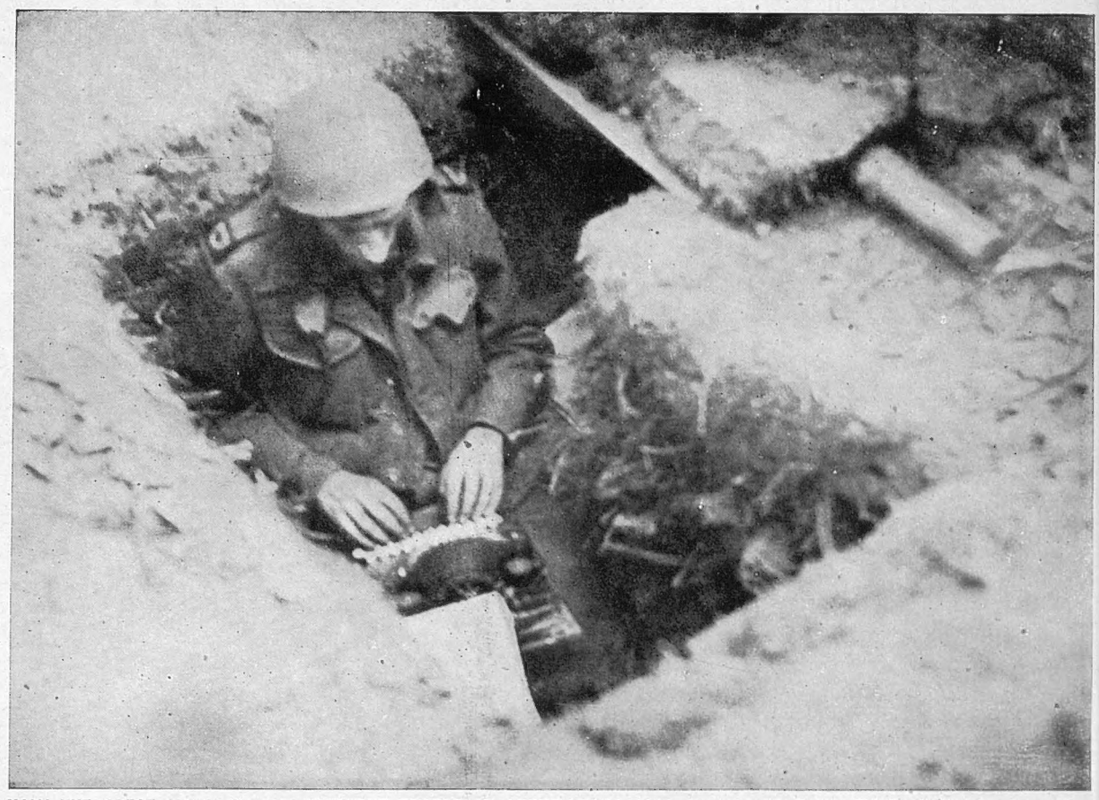
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Epic of Arnhem.

—*Pereunt et imputantur.* Thousands of gallant young men have died, been wounded or been captured in this epic struggle by a Division of the Airborne Army to hold Arnhem and its bridges. It was not to be. The Germans were too strong. Their powers of resistance were perhaps under-estimated and the difficulties of the terrain between Eindhoven and Arnhem. To speak of "failure" is pure insensitiveness; to "justify" the gamble is merely irritating. You might as well apologise for Thermopylæ. The battle fought without casualties and without setbacks is yet to be. This battle of Arnhem is patently a great and signal double victory: of the spirit and materially. The defence of Arnhem made possible the overrunning of half Holland in an incredibly short time, saving us perhaps three major battles of the bridges. It was fought with chivalry and relentless fury, apparently on both sides. Arnhem will live in memory among famous actions and splendid examples of endurance and courage. The lesson of Arnhem is not a military one. Military commanders must take risks with their eyes open. First and foremost it is a lesson and warning to wanton pundits at home, the pilloried prophets and lesser Ministers who lose their heads and throw their hats in the air, and take the first opportunity to brag and boast. Mr. Churchill, as you are aware, has learned wisdom; he inspires confidence while he counsels patience. He has too much experience of war and of the Germans to underrate the enemy even at the eleventh hour. It seems odd to me that the talking chambermaids of the Government and the Press still possess an audience, but undoubtedly they do. Otherwise, in this instance, neither the Army nor the M.O.I. would waste time and words in justifying "a new Thermopylæ."

How Do They Know?

—The pundits of the Press Conferences and the wizards of the Press and the Services almost all "give it eight weeks" (or less). They have been doing so for some time. The eight weeks given to the Nazi war machine (within which to crack and cave in) is certainly less. November 11? An apt and likely date. I do not bank on it. How the devil do they know?—as Prince George (later George V) asked in the diary of his sailoring days, when he read in an American journal that he was "tattooed all over his body." The first nip of winter was in the air when the climax came to the great struggle for the Rhine bridges at Arnhem. On that historic holdfast by our Airborne Army, and on the efforts of the Second Army to relieve them, foot by foot along the narrow corridor from Eindhoven, so much, so very much, seemed to depend. It was all the difference between a winter campaign of trench warfare (some declared) and a final decision in the west, and indeed in Europe, before December. We can all of us estimate the greatness of that difference, if only by glancing at the daily casualty lists. None of us underrated the grandeur of this test of endurance, not even those more optimistic strategists who declared that the issue of the Arnhem battle, important as it was, was not decisive. If this bridge into Westphalia was lost to us to-day, many another route into the Rhineland and the Reich might be driven by the American armies to the south, and driven all the quicker by the wastage of German man-power in the Battle of Holland. The issue was still uncertain as I wrote. I believed it would be favourable to the Allied cause. I believe it will go down to history among the great examples of endurance by British troops, from Rorke's Drift onwards to Caen-Falaise. If this struggle ended in shortening the war by even a week, its importance were inestimable. But if it ended in glorious failure, its importance were no less. The triumphs of human courage and endurance transcend and outlive historical events and victories. It is even to-day difficult to assess the historical importance of the Battle of Waterloo, as fought, exceptionally, on June 18, 1815. But the victory won that day by the spirit of man was signal and immortal and infinitely valuable. As for the prophets and the pundits and their confident dates and assurances, how do they *know*? How indeed do they dare to think they know?



HOW THE GREAT STORY OF THE SKYBORNE TROOPS AT ARNHEM WAS TOLD TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC AT HOME: Mr. Alan Wood, war correspondent who accompanied them by glider, typing one of his stories in the cover of a tiny trench. When the First Airborne Army dropped out of the sky into Arnhem, photographers of the Army Film and Photographic Unit dropped with them: the result of their work is seen in the pictures reproduced elsewhere in this issue. Also with the airborne troops went Mr. Alan Wood, the only newspaper correspondent actually to witness the great adventure. This is how his work was carried out under conditions which might be described as a little difficult!

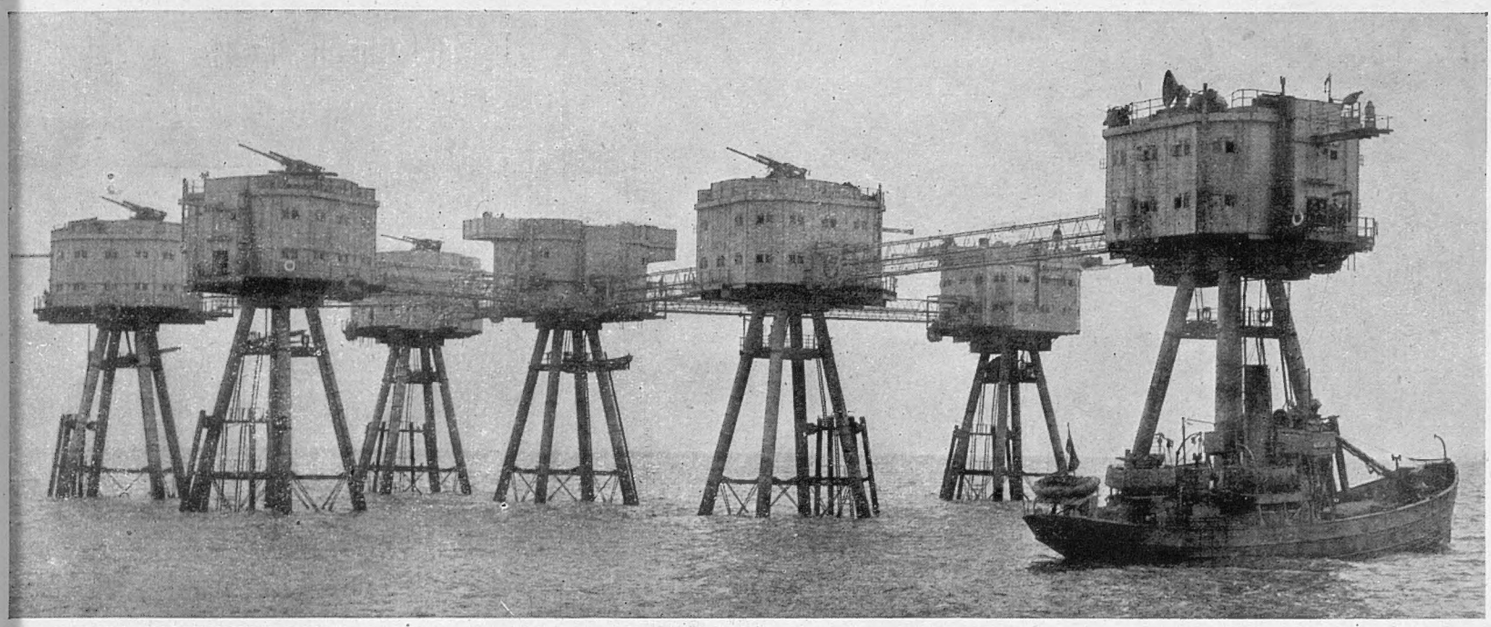
News from Germany.

—It is sometimes illuminating to talk with repatriated prisoners fresh from German prison camps. It may be that you will hear something which puts (even now) a different complexion on the accepted conventions of what is called war propaganda—that is to say, universal condemnation of all Germans and universal approval of all things Allied. I heard that life in one prison camp at least was made for our prisoners as little intolerable as humanity could make it. The restoration to health of the wounded was a prime duty; every effort was made to provide facilities for sport and reading and exercise; the food provided was as good as it could be in the circumstances. The Nazis sympathised with and understood the craze for football. But they puzzled their heads (a human touch) over cricket. They could not comprehend what benefits such a queer game could obliquely bring to grown men, as training or recreation. I heard one repatriated prisoner say that the thing which struck him least pleasantly on his return was the ungenerous and unchivalrous tone of much of our Press towards the last stands and defences of the Germans in the west. He quoted the jeers and catcalls which greeted the die-hard speeches of the defenders of Brest and Boulogne. These jeers frankly puzzled one or two Germans with whom he spoke. They puzzled and annoyed him also. They thought them un-English and unsporting. Not so, they said and *he* said, did the High Command treat in 1940 a British defence of a Channel bastion, which lasted only five days. He said to me: what else can a German officer do, but obey his military orders and take pride in obeying them to the last breath? Almost, he added, I feel a desire to take up the German case, when I read some of our cheaper papers. These are bold words to put in print, with Vansittart on the watch for any sign of national "weakening." But my views of Vansittartism are neither new nor secret. And my opinion of the haze and lies of war has been aired pretty frequently since 1914. Now that this war looks like dragging on into local guerilla warfare, from sheer inability to find or to accept any authority in Germany with which armistice terms could be signed, blind Vansittartism looks to me more crass and destructive than ever before. Civilisation is like to pay a high price for it in the blood of what remains of its best youth and leadership. It paid a high enough price for what passed for "diplomatic advice" in the years between wars. There is no nation on earth, however vile its public record, which you can, or should, condemn to a man, nor any nation on earth, however fine its public record, which is without fault or meanness or littleness or falsity. Some such generality (I believe) is advanced in the Bible (*passim*), which documents the Christian religion under whose banner we have, it is said, fought this good fight. At least, it has been so said by the politicians and some of the Generals.

From the Cradle to the Grave.

—The Government's social insurance scheme leaves me gasping and floundering. It has *arrived*; in the form of a white paper. The document quite obviously has been drafted by persons trained to write English, and not merely to pour out official verbiage, signifying nothing. There are efforts towards clarity and simplification very rare in an official document of this kind. I do not understand much of it yet, all the same. It must be made simpler still before I grasp all its implications and comprehend what I personally shall have to do. I see that my children will be taken care of from the cradle to the grave, provided they can do just enough work to pay their contributions weekly. They will never starve, they can get relief in sickness and in unemployment, and in the production and maintenance of their children at school and at home. They will be born free and buried free. For myself, I am, I fear, at a "dangerous age," and in an unfortunate class. I shall all too soon reach the "retiring age" for men. I am a man who has never yet been insured for any kind of benefit under any kind of scheme (except an all-in comprehensive house, and motor, policy). I shall not qualify (as I see it) for any benefits by the time I shall need them. I "work for myself," and may think the money well spent when I am called on in 1946-47 to begin paying £50 a year under Class II to make this scheme effective for my children. With luck, I suppose, both I and the Duke of Westminster will get something towards our funeral expenses. But that also will be a benefit rather for our heirs than for ourselves. It is a tremendous social revolution. The Government say (as Sir William B. said) that the nation can afford it, provided always it is now prepared to work, as it never worked before, to deliver the goods to overseas markets. Some ardent individualists may say that the scheme will persuade our weaker brethren to fold their hands and enjoy the moderate benefits of idleness under paternal Government and by favour of the working majority of the nation. Granted that the Government's faith is justified, it is a magnificent white paper—on paper. Time alone, and a lot of it, will prove how it works in practice, and what effect it will have on the character and conduct of our nation. Will it bring back the Elizabethan age, the age of the adventurers? Who will venture to prophesy? It must surely have a remarkable effect on party politics as we knew them in the years before, and between, wars. For here is a Coalition Government, with a strong Conservative "taint," stealing the clothes (vest, drawers, shirt, trousers and coat) of the Socialists, not to say Liberals, while those two "advanced" parties are bathing in the Coalition river. There is nothing henceforth of which any parties can make planks or promises to catch the voter. The last word on socialism has been said—by a Conservative Government.

THE OLD STAGER

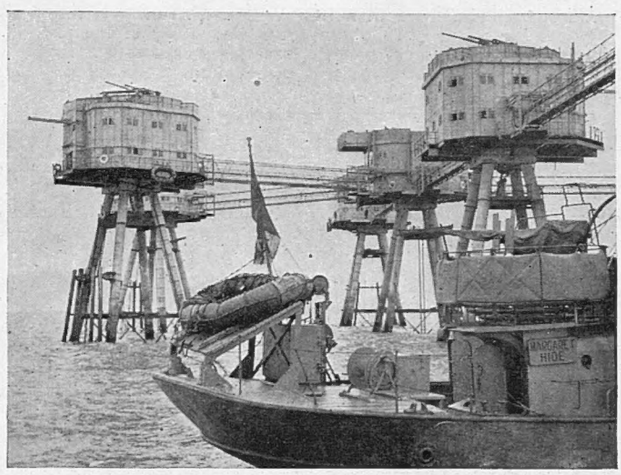


MILITARY SEA "FORTRESSES": The seven towers comprising one of the Army forts planted on our shipping lanes to beat off mine-laying planes. The towers are of steel, mounted on concrete legs; six of them carry A.-A. guns and the seventh is a control tower

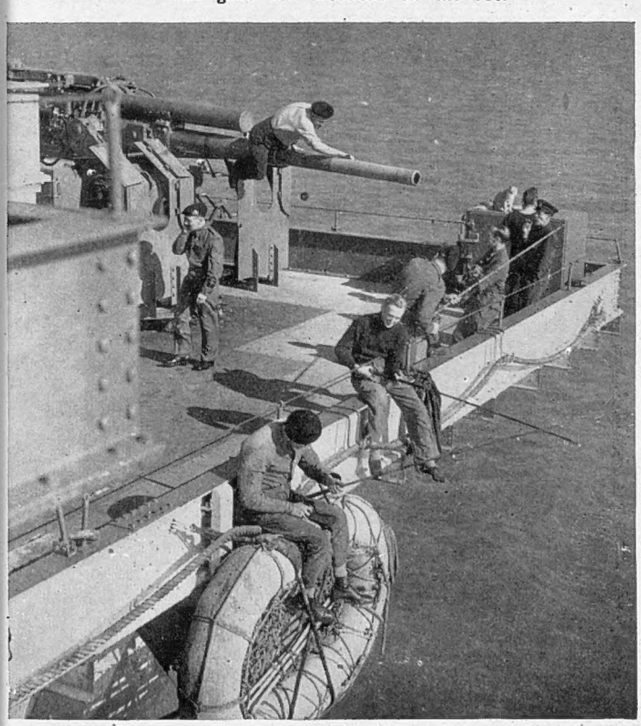
THE SEA FORTS OF THE THAMES

The Great Structures Raised on Stilts at Key-Points in the Estuary

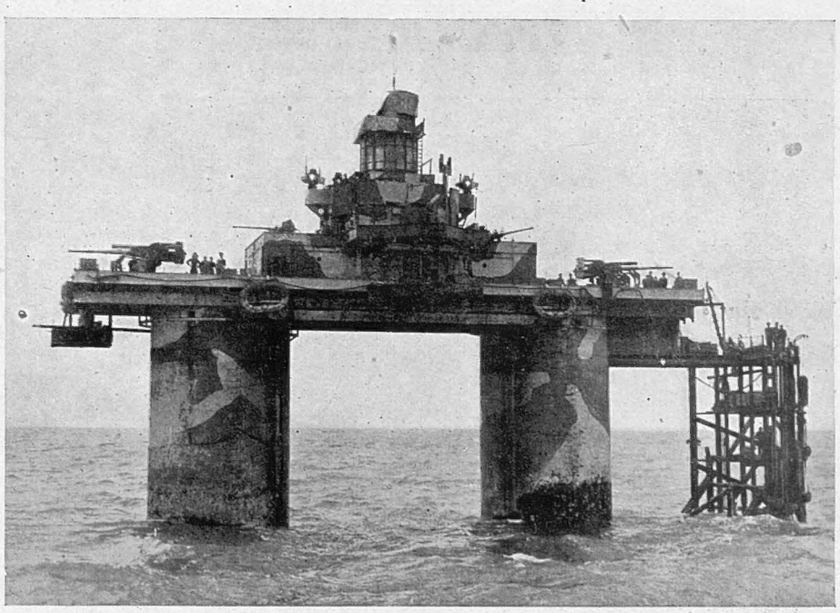
A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE TOWERS: The steel "box" is 36 ft. square and 20 ft. deep: it is about 50 ft. above the water. The guns are mounted on the roof



HOW THE TOWERS ARE INTER-CONNECTED with cat-walks above the water. The group of seven towers comprising each fort have a garrison of 120 to 130 men drawn from the Royal Artillery, R.E.M.E. and other specialist units



LIFE ON AN ISLAND FORTRESS: Some of the men are fishing during a quiet spell; others are cleaning the guns and generally tidying up. Note the cat mascot on the right



H.M.S. SEA-FORT "KNOCK JOHN," manned by Royal Marines and naval personnel. These forts stand some considerable distance from the shore

These pictures, and that on the frontispiece of this issue, show the island forts which protect our East Coast shipping and which kept London's port open when the Germans were only a few miles away across the North Sea and English Channel. There are two types shown in the pictures above—those operated by the Army and manned by the Royal Artillery, and those commissioned as H.M. ships and operated by the Royal Navy. The Army type consist of seven towers to each fort, all the towers being inter-connected with cat-walks and manned by garrisons of 120 to 130. The Navy "ships" are named after the sands on which they stand: these consist of two concrete towers 50 ft. high connected with a steel superstructure on which the A.-A. guns and equipment are mounted. Inside the towers are the living accommodation for the crews, store-rooms and magazines

THE EPIC OF ARNHEM

—One of the Great Stories of the War

—A Series of Pictures Taken with the Skyborne Troops Before They were Withdrawn after Eight Days of Battle Against Overwhelming Odds

THE SKYBORNE TROOPS IN ACTION WITH 3-IN. MORTARS, firing on enemy positions across the Rhine. Many of the men were said to be "so tired that they smiled as if it hurt them to move their mouths"

GERMAN PRISONERS ROUNDED UP BY BRITISH PARATROOPS At one time many hundreds of them were captured, but—presumably—had to be released later at the withdraw

MAJOR JOCK NEILL (ON LEFT), "C" Company of a British regiment, comes from Carstairs. He was in action almost continuously with his men: they had very little food or sleep. Wounded twice in both legs and arms, he continued to fight on. On the right is Lieut. McCartney, of Edinburgh, giving orders to the machine-gun crews

THE TROOPS AROUND ARNHEM take advantage of a lull in t fighting to prepare a hasty meal. Shelters have been scoop out of the ground and equipment lies strewn about the positi

MEN OF "C" COMPANY OF THE BORDER REGIMENT waiting to repulse an attack of the enemy, who were barely 100 yards away when this picture was taken. The men in the foreground are covering their comrades lining the hedge

HOLDING A POSITION AT THE EDGE OF A WOOD. One takes hurried drink whilst the other keeps his gun at the ready

When the First Allied Airborne Army was dropped in Holland, photographe of the Army Film and Photographic Unit went with them. During the eig days of fighting which followed, these men took pictures which show t life of the isolated army until they were withdrawn on the night of September Approximately 8,000 men were dropped around Arnhem: 2,000 were succes fully brought out, and 1,200 wounded were left behind and were treat "extremely well" by the Germans. In the words of Guy Byam, w accompanied the Airborne Army, they came out "because they had nothi left to fight with except their bare hands." For some time they had be fighting without food and practically with no water, and able only to use sm arms against all the might of German armour (*see also pages* 16-17)

SUPPLIES ARE DROPPED TO THE MEN ON THE GROUND BY PARACHUTE: The R.A.F. kept up this work for days, running great risks to reinforce the airborne troops cut off from any other source of supply. All the men who returned from around Arnhem have paid great tribute to the work of the transport pilots

A 3-IN. MORTAR IN ACTION against positions across the Rhine. Automatic guns, mortars and light artillery were the principal weapons of the Airborne Army: but the Germans were able to make use of tanks and much heavier artillery

ONE OF THE AIRBORNE ARMY in action with his Sten gun. He is operating from a slit trench hurriedly hacked out by himself. This man is Private J. Connington, of Selby, Yorkshire

SURROUNDED BY HOSTILE TROOPS: A British soldier on guard with his revolver against enemy attack at Divisional Headquarters

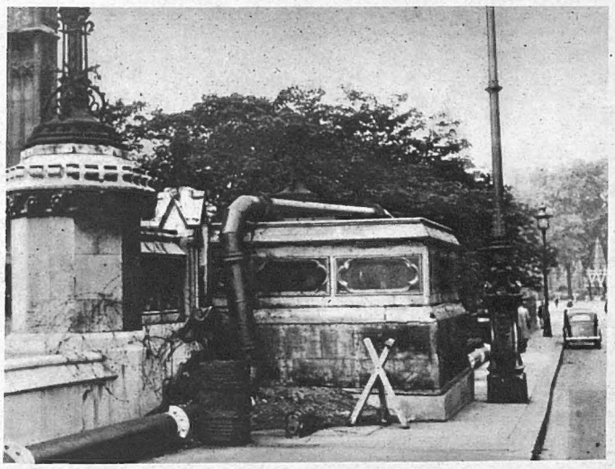
WOUNDED AND EXHAUSTED PARACHUTISTS after their capture by the Germans. They had fought for 230 hours against very great odds

CORPORAL MILLS, OF HARBORNE, BIRMINGHAM, at the grave of a fallen comrade, who was buried where he fell. A cross and a helmet now mark his resting-place

b

LONDON'S ORDEAL during the BLITZ by AIR in 1940–41

Pictures Just Released of the Land-Mines Dropped by the Germans; and of London's Defence "Pill-boxes"



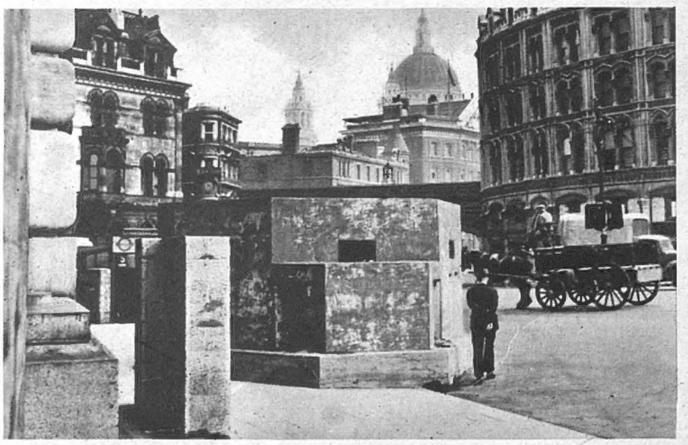
A "FLYING BUTTRESS" TO THE WALL OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT along Westminster Bridge. The buttress effect was achieved by covering the concrete strong-point inside with canvas and painting to harmonise with the architecture of the Parliament buildings

PART OF THE DOWNING STREET DEFENCES: A massive concrete fortification which blends with the masonry of the Home Office in Whitehall. In the distance is the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. This strong-point, with others in London, is shortly to be demolished

THE "INFORMATION OFFICE" WHICH CAME ALMOST OVERNIGHT TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE. Built on the site of the King Charles Statue—removed to a safe place—the office is really a reinforced-concrete strong-point commanding a field of fire protecting the approaches to Whitehall, Buckingham Palace and the Strand. A notice reads: "Closed on Sundays: not open during the week." Hundreds of people, mostly Service men and women on leave in London, walked up to the door before discovering the true purpose of the building. The spire of St. Martin-in-the-Fields can be seen in the right background

A "BOOKSTALL" IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE WHICH FOOLED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE. This was part of the defences of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Bridge. Facsimile book-covers painted on the concrete walls, and life-size dummy assistants, induced visitors to London to walk up for service. Behind this stall is Westminster Abbey

THE LONDON HOSPITAL HIT—by a flying bomb during the last outburst of Nazi "hate": It may now be revealed that, in the early hours of a morning in August last, a flying bomb landed on the middle of the East Wing of London Hospital, killing two patients and injuring three nurses. Thanks to the work of the hospital staff and Civil Defence workers, 263 beds were made ready immediately after for the patients whose wards were affected by blast. The cost of the damage to the hospital has been estimated at not less than £100,000



A CONCRETE STRONG-POINT ON THE CITY SIDE OF BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE. In the distance, beyond Queen Victoria Street, is the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral: During the early part of the year 1940, when things looked very black for Britain, a number of pill-boxes and strong-points were built in London for defensive purposes in case of invasion. These hastily-erected structures, mostly of concrete, were ingeniously camouflaged: for a time, some of them were actually occupied by troops in full battle order prepared to repel any land or airborne invaders. Now that affairs all over the world have progressed so favourably for the United Nations, and the possibility of invasion is over for this country, it has been decided to begin the work of demolition of these pill-boxes, and they will soon disappear from the London scene. Some of the better known of them are shown—for the first time—in the pictures reproduced on this page

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THE RED ARMY LIBERATES PRAGA. On the right is the Russian Marshal Rokossovsky, Commander of the First Belorussian Army: in the centre is Colonel-General Bulganin; on the left is Major-General Bewzjuk, Commander of the Polish Kosciuszko Division. This picture was taken just after the Russian entry

A VIEW OF THE CITY OF WARSAW, as seen from the fortress of Praga, now in the hands of the Red Army. Within the Polish capital, the Germans have killed many thousands of patriots, owing to the premature rising led by General Bor as the Russian armies came near

PICTURES FROM SOVIET RUSSIA

Showing Recent Successes by the Red Army; and Scenes in Moscow Following the Collapse of Rumania and Finland

A COMBINED INFANTRY AND TANK ATTACK carried out by the Russians on the Baltic front during recent operations. This is a method of assault which they have specially perfected

SOVIET GUNNERS BATTER ENEMY POSITIONS IN THE BALTIC ZONE. Throughout this war the Soviet concentrations of artillery have been very powerful and they have contributed much to the Red Army's successes

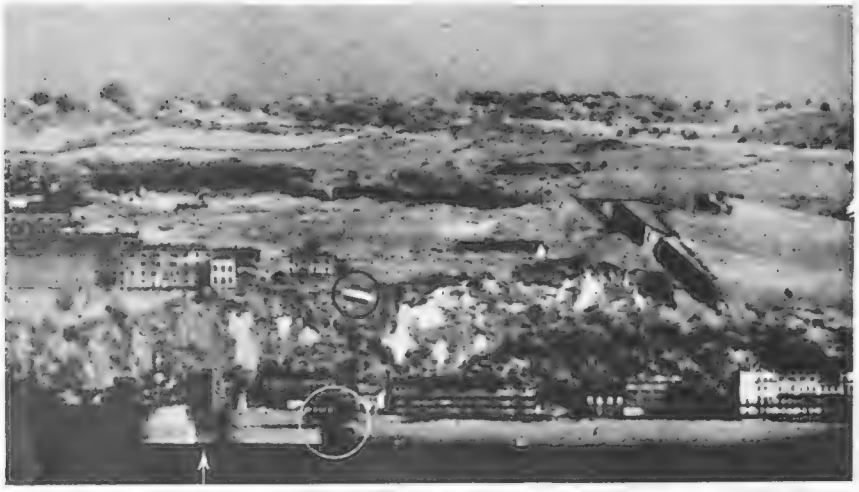
SOVIET INFANTRY ADVANCING DURING THE BATTLE FOR THE TOWN OF LOMZA. The capture of this main fortress in the so-called Steel Line was announced from Moscow on September 13. Lomza is 20 miles south of the East Prussian border on the River Narev. Its capture by General Zakharov's forces meant that the whole of the Narev line, guarding East Prussia and Warsaw, was disintegrating

RUMANIA SIGNS THE ARMISTICE PACT WITH RUSSIA IN MOSCOW. M. Molotov is on the extreme left: next to him are—General Vinogradov; Rear-Admiral Bogdenko; members of the Soviet Foreign Commissariat Podtseros, Pavlov and Novikov; and Marshal of the Soviet Union R. Y. Malinovsky. M. L. Patrascanu, head of the Rumanian Armistice Delegation, is signing the Agreement

THE FINN PEACE DELEGATION SETS OFF FOR MOSCOW, to receive peace terms from the Soviets. From left to right (in the first two rows) are General Heinrichs; the Finnish Minister Hynninen; the Prime Minister Antti Hackzell; M. Hiltunen; M. Takki Enckell; General Karl Walden; Dr. Castren; and General Enckell. The Finns arrived in Moscow on September 7

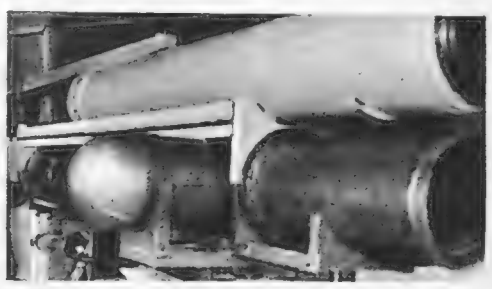
THE RUMANIAN DELEGATION LEAVES MOSCOW BY AIR, at the conclusion of conferences dealing with Rumanian military action against the Germans. From left to right, in front of the Red Star transport plane, are—M. B. Stirbey, General D. Demaceanu, M. Vyshinsky (of the U.S.S.R. Foreign Department), M. Storgesau, M. Gusi, Madame Patrascanu, M. Cordescu, and M. Popp

THE CHANNEL PORTS—THE LAST PHASE : THE NAZI BATTERIES IN FRANCE OPEN UP WITH HEAVY FIRE to get rid of their ammunition before the ports fall to ou Armies. A British cruiser is caught in the beams of a German searchlight while replying to the enemy fire, while a destroyer lays a smoke-screen t protect the Channel shipping—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*



HOW THE GERMANS IN FRANCE PHOTOGRAPHED THE ENGLISH COASTLINE WITH LONG-RANGE CAMERAS : A recent issue of a well-known Berlin magazine contained illustrations showing how a German long-range battery on the French Channel coast photographed their targets in England by means of long-range cameras before opening a bombardment. This is the Dover Harbour area. The white arrow shows the entrance ; the white line circles a British patrol boat, and its balloon is marked with a black circle.

One by one the Channel ports are falling to our Armies in France : the Nazis in the coast batteries are apparently determined to use their remaining ammunition up by terrorising th south-eastern coast of England before finally throwing up the sponge and abandoning the Pa de Calais and Belgian coasts for ever. For this reason, their big guns have been shelling th Straits of Dover without cessation. Some of these guns, between Cap Gris Nez and Wimereux have already been captured by the Canadians : it has been discovered that they were of 14-in. calibre and were manned by 500 Germans in three strong forts. They are being turned round for use against further German strong-points. During the course of one German bombardment, whilst the heavy shells were being fired across the Straits, the enemy also floodlit the sea with powerful anti-invasion searchlights. The darkness was occasionally lighted up by star-shells, and along the coast there was much light gun-fire between Calais and Boulogne



THE LONG-FOCUS CAMERA which took the picture of Dover shown on the left

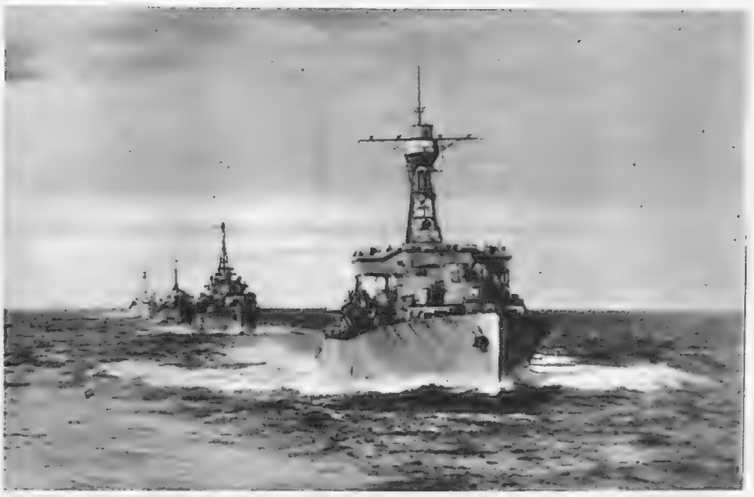
THE LAST PHASE IN THE CHANNEL

And Naval and Air Operations Against the Germans in Northern Waters

THE END OF A GERMAN DESTROYER : The Elbing-class vessel, driven ashore by the Canadian destroyer "Haida" in the action which took place on Saturday April 29, is found wrecked off the rocks along the Brittany coast

This incident was illustrated in *The Sphere* on May 20. *Haida* and *Athabaskan*, whilst patrolling the French coast, discovered two enemy destroyers and at once closed to engage. *Athabaskan* was hit and later sank ; but *Haida* took a quick revenge by driving one of the German Elbings ashore on fire and damaging the other. Later, it was reported by reconnaissance aircraft that a maintenance crew was working on the Elbing and that her guns were manned : in consequence she was successfully attacked by British M.T.B.'s, led by Lieut. Tom Cartwright, D.S.C., whic dashed in under the enemy's coastal guns to finish her off. This picture, taken since our occupation of Brittany, shows how the Elbing was left, completely wrecked on the rocks offshor

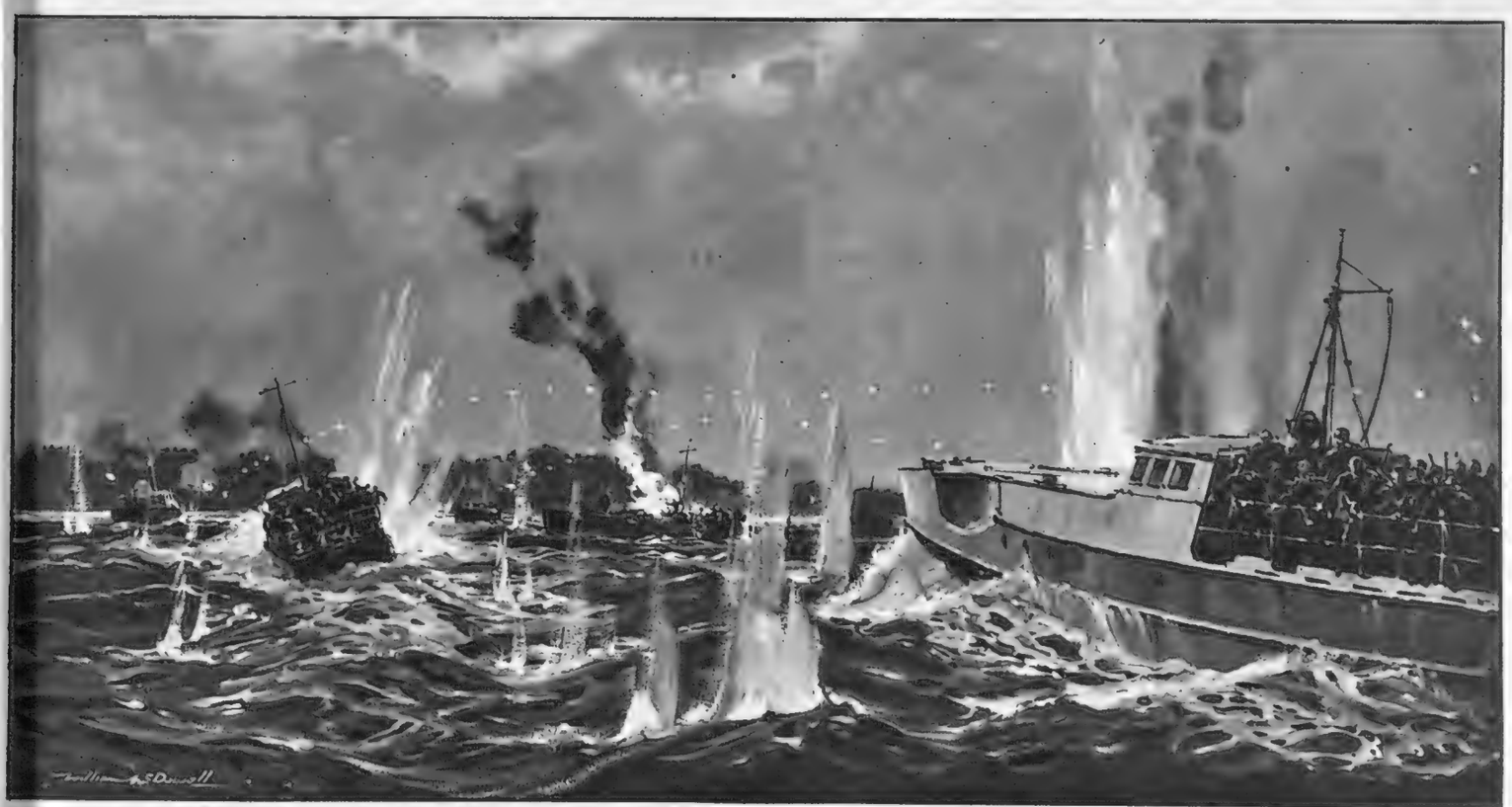
FLYING FORTRESSES NOW CARRY THEIR OWN LIFE-BOATS, fitted beneath the fuselage. The U.S. Army has developed a life-boat which can easily be carried below the B17. The boat is released by the bomb mechanism and is supported in its descent to the sea by three parachutes. It contains fuel, a mast and sails, water-stills, stores, food and healing equipment. In it, men can travel for 1,500 miles in comfort



RECORD U-BOAT HUNTERS OF THE SECOND ESCORT GROUP off on another patrol : This group, composed of frigates and sloops which already held a fine record, have just returned from a patrol, during the course of which they added yet another three German submarines to their record total of "kills." The four vessels seen in the picture above are *Loch Fada*, *Wren*, *Dominica* and *Loch Killin*

R.A.F. BEAUFIGHTERS ATTACK A GERMAN SHIP in a Norwegian fiord : A rocket and cannon attack on an enemy merchant vessel was carried out by Beaufighters of Coastal Command on September 19. This ship was one of a number hiding in a fiord which is defended by German guns. The vessel, believed to be a troopship, was beached by the German crew after receiving serious damage

THE FLEET AIR ARM ATTACK ENEMY SHIPPING OFF STATLANDET, NORWAY : On September 12 the British escort carrier *Trumpeter* and the aircraft-carrier *Furious* launched planes to attack an enemy supply ship of medium size and three escorting M-class minesweepers. All the enemy vessels were hit repeatedly, and one of the escort vessels blew up and sank. When last seen, the remaining ships were stopped and in a damaged condition



THE FINNS BEGIN TO FIGHT THE GERMANS IN THE BALTIC : German marines in light craft attempt a landing on the Finnish island of Hogland, and are beaten off by coastal batteries which sank twelve Nazi boats—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Unlike the Rumanians and the Bulgars, who have shown no compunction in attacking their erstwhile allies, the Finns declared that they had no desire to fight the Germans, so lately their friends. But the Nazis, by their recent actions, have given the Finns little option. In the late hours of September 14, a German officer presented himself at the headquarters of coastal artillery forces holding the Finnish island of Hogland : he demanded the immediate unconditional surrender of the fortress to Germany. Hogland lies in the Finnish Gulf, 30 miles south of Kocka : it is the main link in the chain of nets, booms and minefields which keeps the Russian Baltic Fleet bottled up in Kronstadt and Leningrad. The Finnish Commandant instantly rejected the demand, whereupon German naval forces and marines advanced to the attack. Landings were attempted at several points. Finnish batteries opened fire unhesitatingly. According to one report, they sank or set on fire twelve German light naval craft, many of which had been lying peaceably in Finnish harbours only twelve hours previously. In the words of an official communiqué issued in Helsinki, all the landings were repulsed but one. A small bridgehead established by the Germans was wiped out, and later reports said that Hogland was completely held by the Finns

ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE GOTHIC LINE: THE FIGHT FOR CRUCIFIX HILL, a prominent feature near Gemmano, which changed hands several times each day during the heavy fighting at the approaches to Rimini, on the Adriatic—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

BEFORE the FALL of RIMINI

Scenes in the Adriatic Sector of the Gothic Line in Italy

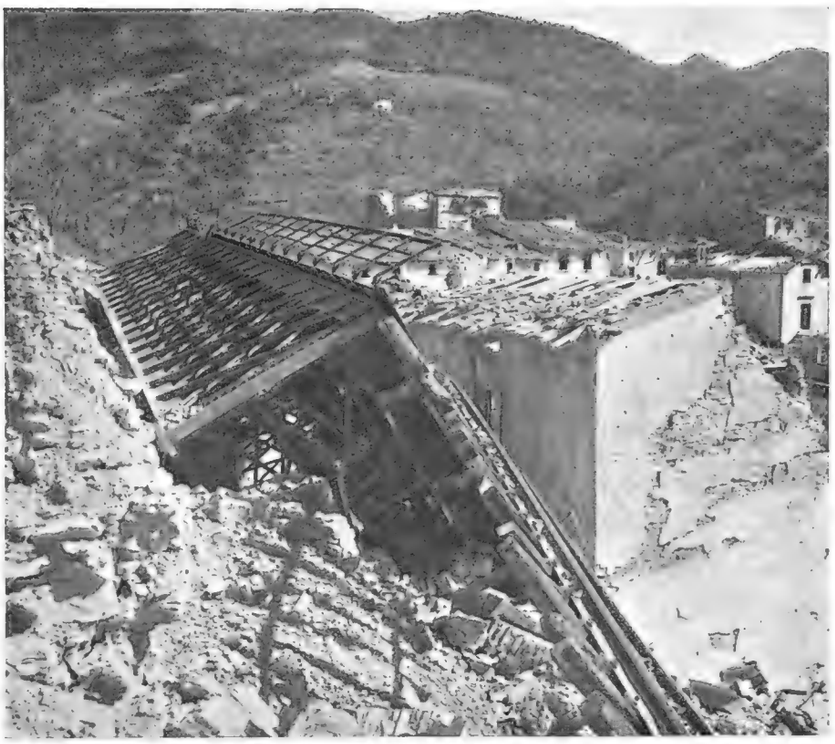
Before Rimini fell to the Eighth Army, some very heavy fighting was experienced by the British, Canadian and Indian troops advancing through the hills. Our progress was most marked on the hills near the coast, particularly on the Coriano-Sansovino ridge. Canadian troops fought their way up to Coriano from the low foothills: British and Indian troops stormed into the village of Passano (commanding Coriano) and mopped up the village of Sansovino. Both these thrusts were supported by tanks. The Germans were dazed by our intense artillery barrage, and our men managed to take advantage of this. But—at Gemmano there was little progress. A few miles to the west of this town is the summit of Montegrado, known to the troops as Crucifix Hill from the cross which stands on its peak. This continued to change hands several times a day. Crucifix Hill is a barren height which commands the whole of this region. A good road—judged by local standards—runs about 50 yards below the peak on the south side. This road remained in our hands during nearly all the fighting. It must have been the most unhealthy place anywhere in the world, since the Germans never stopped shelling and mortaring it until the fall of Rimini caused a general retirement from this area

THE VILLAGE OF MONTE CALVO, an enemy strongpoint in the Gothic Line, captured by the British on September 3. Part of it was reduced to rubble

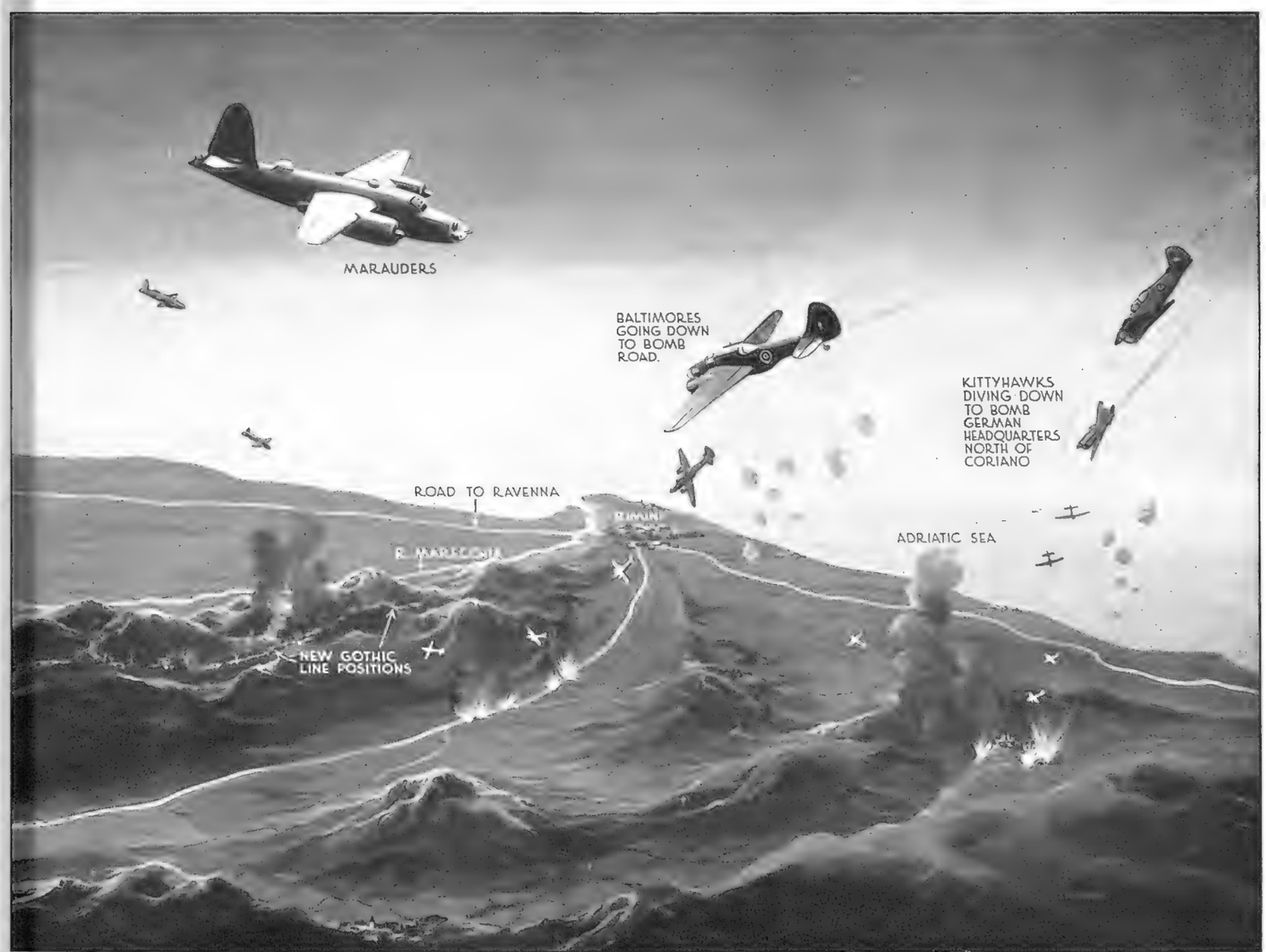
SUNKEN FISHING VESSELS AND A BLOWN BRIDGE in the Fano area of the Gothic Line, below the town of Pesaro

ONE OF THE MANY SCORES OF STRONGPOINTS IN THE GOTHIC LINE: the little village of Pozzo Alto after its capture. Some of the medieval villages up in the hill districts provide almost perfect defensive positions for a determined enemy. Many of them are stone-built, of substantial thickness, and some are surrounded by crenelated walls, such as the one above. Pozzo Alto, like so many other villages, had been converted into a stronghold, and suffered considerable damage before it was captured by the Eighth Army on the road to Rimini

UP IN THE HILLS BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF RIMINI : A British machine-gunner, in full view of the enemy, blazes away with his Vickers gun at the village of Gemmano and at the surrounding countryside, where nests of enemy Spandau guns and mortars were concealed at many points



THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT RONTA, which was blown sideways and came to rest against the side of a house. In their advance through the Apennines to the Lombardy Plain beyond, the British troops met with strong enemy resistance before they captured the ancient city of Rimini, last stronghold of the eastern part of the Gothic Line, on September 22. During their advance they found that the Germans had turned many of the mountain villages into miniature fortresses, through which the Eighth Army had to blast their way. This picture was taken at the little village of Ronta, in the foothills of the Apennines. The Germans thoroughly demolished it before they withdrew and left many snipers and booby-traps behind to hold up the Allied pursuit



THE PART PLAYED BY THE ALLIED AIR FORCES IN THE FIGHT FOR RIMINI, ON THE ADRIATIC COAST : Italy-based Baltimores and Kittyhawks of the Desert Air Force and Corsica-based Marauders bomb the German positions in the Gothic Line around Coriano and Croce—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In mid-September Marauder bombers based on the island of Corsica joined in the fighting on the Adriatic sector of the Gothic Line for the first time, flying sorties in close support of the Eighth Army battling its way through the hills towards Rimini and the Plain of the Po. Many tons of bombs were dropped by them on the slopes of a hill south-west of the town, on newly-constructed loops of the Gothic Line. This was in addition to the efforts of the Baltimores and Kittyhawks of the Desert Air Force now based in Italy. On one day alone this fine fighting force flew 700 sorties to bomb enemy front-line gun-positions, particularly in the Coriano and Croce sector. They machine-gunned and bombed German troops at one point, killing an estimated 100 who were running to the shelters. North of Coriano, Kittyhawks hit a German headquarters with 500-lb. bombs and set it on fire

THE VITAL AREA OF THE ALLIED ATTACK IN CENTRAL HOLLAND. THE CAPTURE BY THE BRITISH OF THE TOWN OF NIJMEGEN AND THE CREATION OF THE "CORRIDOR" TO ARNHEM ACROSS THE RIVER WAAL (THE DUTCH RHINE). This view is taken above the captured town and shows the Groote Markt and St. Stephen's Church, both of which lie to the south of the town a little distance from the Waal quaysides. Arnhem, with its Groote Kerk, lies in the distance, with Germany stretching away to the east—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE ADVANCE INTO HOLLAND

The Second Army's Rapid Dash Towards Nijmegen and Arnhem

And the Crossing of the Belgian and Dutch "Water Lines"

—Special Sphere Drawings

It was with the determined battle for Nijmegen that the Allied strategy in Central Holland revealed itself. After the capture of Eindhoven, General Dempsey's Second Army at once pressed on to the north and captured the great bridge over the Waal River, at the same time that an airborne army was being dropped around Arnhem with a similar object in view in connection with the bridge over the River Lek. Both these rivers are branches of the famous waterway known to the Germans as the Rhine. The Waal carries most of the waters; but the Lek (known to the inhabitants of Arnhem as the Oude Rhin) is also an important branch.

When the first "crossing of the Rhine" was mentioned by war correspondents in Holland, many people here thought that this referred to the German Rhine—which was not the case, as it will be seen from the above drawing that in its lower reaches the famous river is bordered on both banks by Dutch territory. The town of Nijmegen is connected with Arnhem by an excellent motor road which crosses the Waal by means of a wide and long bridge: this was captured by the Second Army and by American parachutists shortly after the Allied entry. The rail connection from Cleves, in Germany, also links Nijmegen with Arnhem and Utrecht. Beyond Arnhem lie the low hills of the Veluwe and the eastern portions of Gelderland.

Arnhem is a delightful town, clean, as are all Dutch towns, but possessing also pleasant lawns and flower gardens. It is greatly in favour by rich Dutch families, who retire after years in the colonies or after giving up a business career. The town has an ancient history: but at the moment it is its strategic importance with which the Second Army is concerned. By securing this important point, the Rhineland to the east, with its rich industrial regions would lie open to the Allied advance—and at a point where there is no Siegfried Line or heavy fortifications to bar our way. The "Corridor" running up from Eindhoven and Nijmegen was greatly strengthened and an improvised airfield—actually within the corridor—facilitated the problem of supply for the British Second Army in this area.

THE GREAT SURGE FORWARD OF THE ALLIED ARMIES TOWARDS EINDHOVEN AND NIJMEGEN. The scene looking northwards as General Dempsey's men went forward to link up with the skyborne troops around Arnhem—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The view-point of this drawing is from an elevated spot above the Dutch-Belgian frontier: it was along this road that Allied armour and all the multifarious vehicles which accompany it surged northwards in the endeavour to effect a junction with the Airborne Army dropped in several areas to the northward. Some enemy opposition was met with at Alst, and again at Best, to the north of Eindhoven; but combined tank and air-rocket actions broke through the Germans, and the main stream swept through the garden suburbs of the important manufacturing town, whilst Allied artillery shelled the woods bordering the main road where Nazi batteries had installed themselves. Beyond Eindhoven lay the main road to Bos-le-Duc, whence a road to the east leads to Nijmegen. The countryside is criss-crossed with streams and canals, notably between Helmond and Grave. Away to the west lie the towns of Tilburg and Dordrecht

CROSSING THE WATERWAYS OF FRANCE ON THE WAY INTO BELGIUM AND HOLLAND: American tanks and lorries fording the River Oise after the determined expedient of turning everyone to work collecting logs, stones and bricks to make a causeway—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The task of forcing the water defences of the enemy in Northern Belgium and Southern Holland was no light one. The Albert, the Escaut, the Leopold, the Willents Vaart—all had to be crossed with the least possible delay, for time was the one thing the enemy craved after his rapid and undignified retreat across France and Belgium. It was largely to the engineers that the task of breaking these "water lines" fell. Fortunately, we had "eyes" in the air which could see the enemy's preparations and warn the Army accordingly. In the flat lands through which our advance was made, the German artillery was frequently able to break the bridges during construction: pontoon-bridges in many cases had to be put up under heavy fire. The pluck and resource of the sappers were demonstrated over and over again as our armour and lorries and infantry went surging forward towards the Dutch frontier and the River Rhine. The British armies have accumulated a considerable experience in the art and practice of crossing "water lines." The Italians tried to arrest our progress up the length of Italy by this means; and the Germans have now adopted similar ideas, attempting to break our bridges whilst under construction, or to lay down an artillery barrage whilst the troops are making the crossing if their bridge-wrecking attempts fail. The Bailey Bridge has often saved the day for the British Army: this system of sliding prefabricated sections into position has proved an outstanding success owing to the rapidity and precision with which the operation can be carried out.

HOW THE BRITISH SECOND ARMY CROSSED THE BELGIAN CANALS UNDER HEAVY ENEMY SHELLFIRE ON ITS WAY INTO HOLLAND. This was a typical instance: in a desperate battle for Gheel, on the Albert Canal, the Germans put in sixteen counter-attacks, using Tiger tanks to lead their onslaught. All were beaten back. Time after time the enemy artillery hit our main pontoon-bridge across the canal: it collapsed, but was salvaged and repaired before the Germans could exploit their opportunity. In this type of flat country, the artillery could range quickly on any desired spot, and it was only due to the heroism of our bridge-building engineers that the advance through Belgium into Holland was effected with such rapidity—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. URQUHART, D.S.O. and Bar, Commander of the British First Airborne Division, outside his Headquarters, the last British stronghold in the Arnhem area, before the withdrawal of his gallant force. He is forty-two years of age, the son of a Shepperton doctor ; he went to St. Paul's School, which Field-Marshal Montgomery also attended ; he served under the Field-Marshal from Alamein to Tunisia and through Sicily to Italy. He is now back from Arnhem, after having escaped from captivity in German hands

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT AT ARNHEM

And Won Imperishable Fame for Their Epic Struggle Against Odds

THE TWO B.B.C. WAR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE AIRBORNE TROOPS—a picture taken in London after their return from Arnhem. On the left is Stanley Maxted, who dropped with the troops on the first day, Sunday, September 17 ; on the right is Guy Byam, who followed two days later

JUST AFTER THEIR LANDING BY GLIDER : British airborne troops going into action. Their arms consisted matic guns : with these they had to sustain and repel the attacks of largely-superior forces of Germa artillery and tanks and unlimited supplies

A PATROL OF BRITISH PARATROOPERS SEARCHING A RUINED HOUSE IN OOSTERBEEK. These are the men, un held out for eight days against everything the Germans could fling at them before the order for their was given

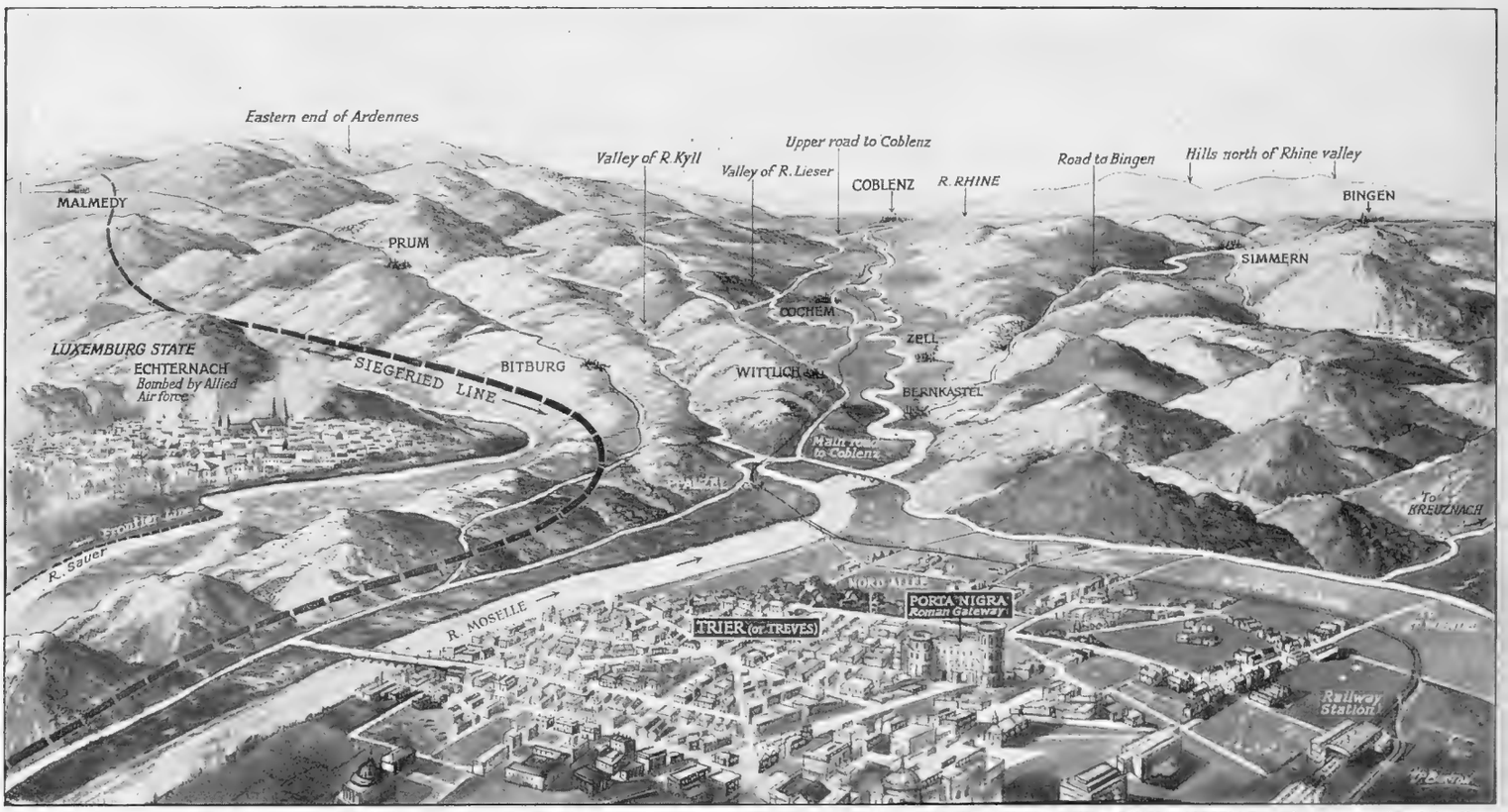
nsisted of Service rifles and auto-
Germans, backed up with heavy

men, unwashed and unshaven, who
for their withdrawal from Arnhem

AFTER THE RETURN : A picture taken in Nijmegen of one of the airborne officers, who arrived with a blanket in place of trousers

THE HAPPY WARRIOR : Sergeant C. Bennet (whose home town is Darlington), who swam across the river on his way back. Although he lost all his clothes, he still brought his Sten gun back with him

THE MEN WHO TOOK THE ARNHEM PICTURES : Sergeant D. M. Smith (on left) was wounded in the shoulder during the Arnhem action. He is twenty-four, comes from Swinton, Manchester and saw service in North Africa with the First Army; Sergeant G. Walker (centre), of Port Bannatyne, Bute, is twenty-eight; he was with the B.E.F. in France in 1939, with the Middle East Forces in 1940 and with the Allied Expeditionary Force in July 1944; Sergeant C. M. Lewis (on right) is twenty-six and comes from London. Has been through the Desert and Tunisian campaigns, and has made eighteen parachute descents



THE PUSH INTO THE TRIER, OR TREVES, REGION, WHERE THE ALLIES HAVE PENETRATED INTO GERMANY ACROSS THE RIVER MOSELLE. Away to the left lies the Siegfried Line, with its many fortifications protecting this part of the Reich: these have yet to be pierced by the Allied Armies approaching from the westward—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

BREAKING IN TO THE SIEGFRIED LINE

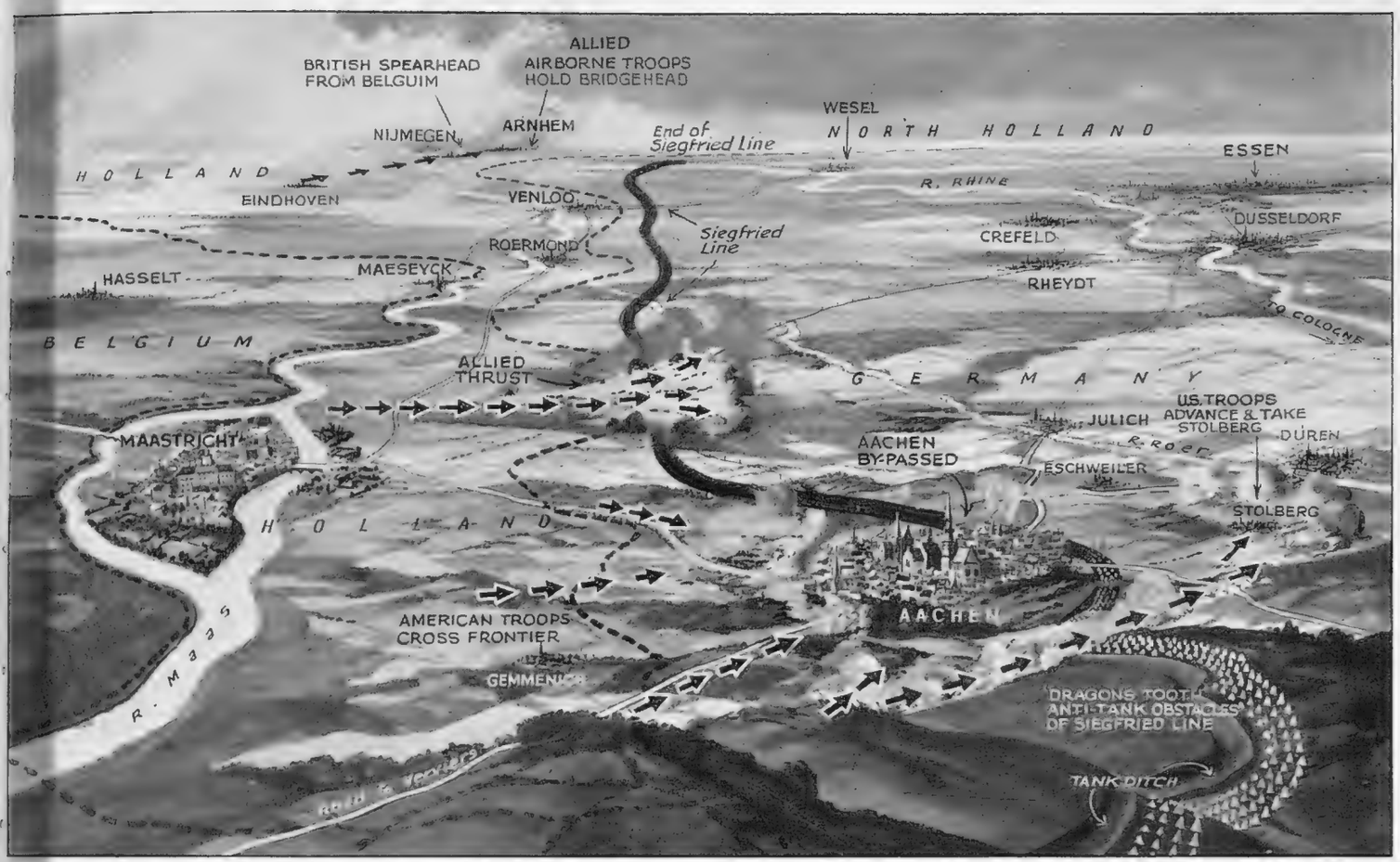
The Two Entries Into German Territory Already Achieved by the Allied Armies

The military area around Trier consists of a number of river valleys, which are bordered by the easternmost of the Ardennes hills on the west, and by the hills bordering the Saar on the right. These last-named stretch northward towards Coblenz. The viewpoint of the drawing above is between Echternach and Trier, with the River Sauer shown on the left. A spur of hill country runs northward from Trier to Bitburg: the Sauer River curls round this to join the Moselle south of Trier. The famous city of Trier, or Treves, lies on the right bank of the Moselle, the many windings of which take it through a famous wine country towards Coblenz. Bernkastel is indicated in the middle distance on the banks of the Moselle; Bingen-on-the-Rhine lies away to the right. On the left Allied forces have been advancing towards Prum, probably by way of Bastoque and St. Vith. The problem of smashing through the Siegfried fortifications now lies in front of the Allied forces.

The bridge of eight arches which crosses the Moselle rest upon Roman piers dating from 25 B.C., for Trier was a busy frontier city during the Roman occupation. Professor Freeman wrote, "Treves has a body of Roman remains far more numerous and varied, if not individually more striking, than any other place north of the Alps can show." The Porta Nigra, one of five gates by which the city was entered in the time of Constantine, remains, together with an amphitheatre and the substructure of the Roman baths near the bridge. Outside the city, at Altbadital, excavations have recently revealed a wealth of temples and statues. Trier was an old Roman colony, and the Emperors frequently resided there.

PREPARED FOR WAR! This innocent-appearing cottage in Germany, in the vicinity of the Siegfried Line, turned out to be a well-designed pill-box, with a reinforced-concrete interior It was taken by U.S. infantry

UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES FOR GERMAN CITIZENS! This time it is Nazis who are suffering from the effects of the war on their own territory—not the people of France, Belgium, Holland, Poland, Russia—or Britain. On the left they are rushing to remove their belongings from a burning house as the Americans occupy their village: on the right they are looking over the ruins of homes shelled by the American Army during its advance towards the village



THE ADVANCE THROUGH MAASTRICHT TO THE GERMAN FRONTIER and the circling of Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), where a penetration was made through the Siegfried Line by the Americans. Maastricht was the first Dutch town to be liberated—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Allied attack on Aachen (or Aix-la-Chapelle), one of the most historic cities in Western Europe, has not been an easy military operation. The direct main road led from Maastricht, the first Dutch town to be liberated by the Allies, towards Aachen. The gradual surrounding of the city was accomplished by a movement to the east, by way of Eupen, Burtscheid and Stolberg, where very severe fighting took place. The main roads to Düren and Jülich lay ahead of the Allied troops towards the east, while towards the west the direction lay towards Roermond.

Maastricht, shown on the left in the drawing, is encircled by a sweep of the Maas River, and the famous city of Charlemagne—Aachen—is shown to the right. The second and stronger wall of the Siegfried Line stands behind the city; the outer fortifications, already passed, consisted of isolated pill-boxes, some of which were built underground.

Aachen owed its origin to the celebrated springs, which were known to the Romans. Charlemagne raised it to a place of importance, residing there in a palace whose site is now occupied by the Rathhaus. He was buried in the cathedral which he had built. For 700 years Aachen was the coronation place for the German kings. Some marble and granite columns, which had been brought from Italy, and the bronze west doors of the cathedral are the only noticeable remains of the building erected by Charlemagne: the choir and chapels date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Maastricht, the frontier town of Holland, has been the scene of constant warfare—against the Spaniards in the sixteenth century and the French in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE BREAKING OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE: an American jeep is here crossing a 15-ft. tank-trap, which has already been filled in to permit the passage of Allied tanks and vehicles

THE FAMOUS AND MUCH-PUBLICISED "DRAGON'S TEETH" of concrete and steel in the outer works of the Line near Aachen. In many places, these have already been uprooted bodily by the Americans

THE WRECKAGE OF A BLOWN-UP BRIDGE on the Liége-Aachen Highway just outside the latter town. It was dynamited in very thorough fashion by the Germans in their retreat

ON THE GERMAN FRONTIER: American traffic passing over the border-line into the Reich, following up the advance of the forward columns now operating inside the German borders

TANKS and RIVER FERRIES

Are Among the British Equipment Now Being Used in the Pursuit of the Germans in Europe

A NEW TYPE OF RIVER FERRY NOW BEING USED BY THE ALLIED ARMIES IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM: first went into action for the crossing of the Seine at Elbeuf—*Drawing by B. C. Wood.* This craft (which ferrying a Bren carrier and trailer) consists of two decked barges connected by girders. It carries a ramp at ea end, raised or lowered by means of wire ropes operated by the motor and winding-drum on the right-hand barg The barges have outboard motors: these swivel at the corner of the stern, and thus allow the craft to be manœuvred, or turned on the spot, very easily. The small ramps at the two ends provide for driving vehicles off the main ramps without a hitch. An actual photograph of the ferry in operation is given below on the left

THE NEW TYPE OF RIVER FERRY (shown in the drawing above) is here actually seen in operation during the crossing of the Seine at Elbeuf. The two barges are low in the water, owing to the weight they are carrying. When the ferry reaches the appointed spot, the two outboard motors at the stern manœuvre it into position

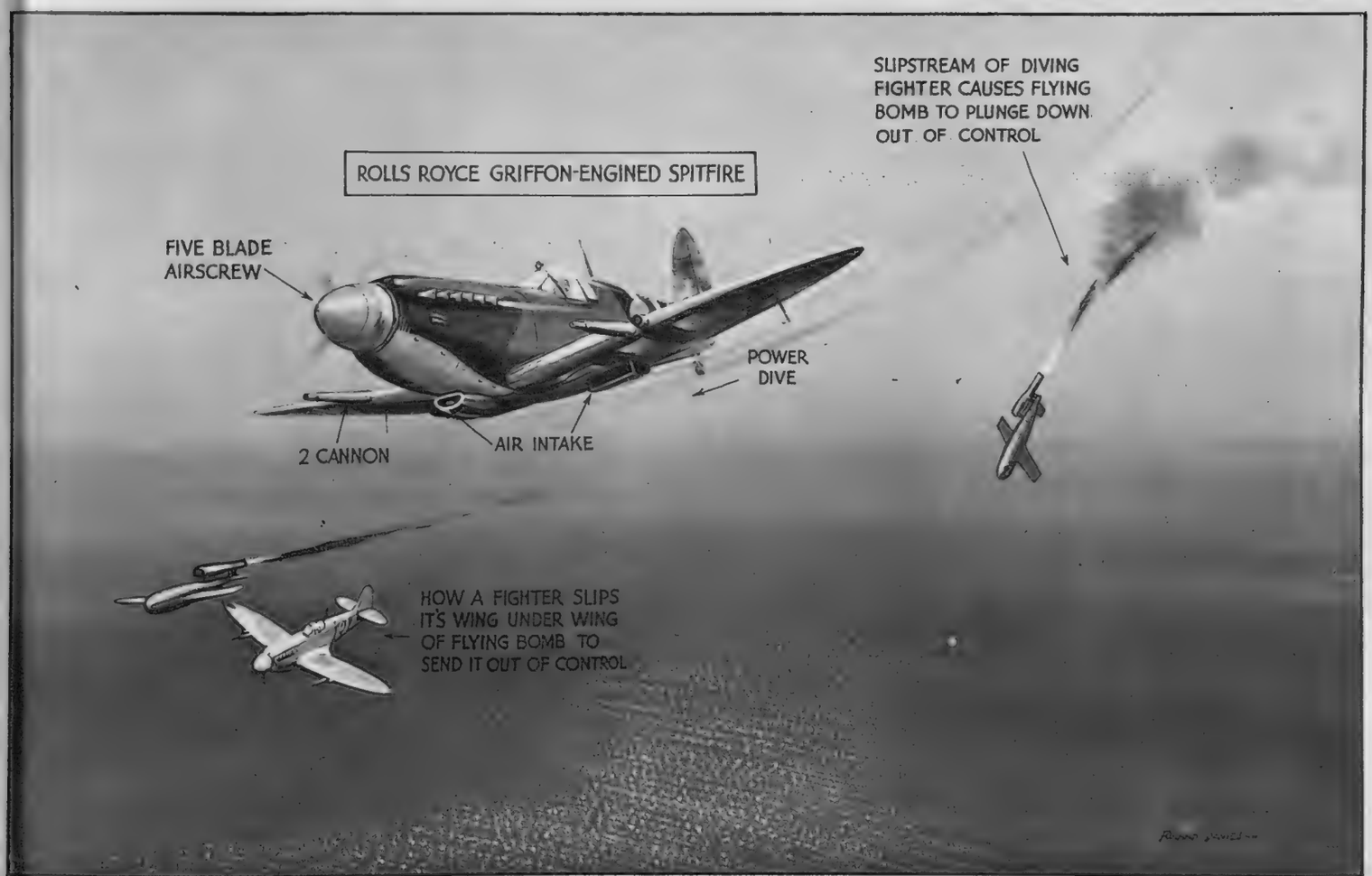
THE TANK WHICH HAS CHASED THE NAZIS OUT OF FRANCE: The new Cromwell travelling over loose ground at 30 m.p.h. The improved Cromwell tanks have taken over from the Churchills the task of chasing the Germans back to their own frontiers. It has just been stated that they have proved themselves the ideal type for the pursuit and annihilation of enemy troops. They weigh 27½ tons, carry a six-pounder or 75-mm. gun and cruise at 25 m.p.h.—but can go faster. Speed, endurance and first-class mechanical efficiency have enabled them to cover vast distances without a breakdown

ANTI-AIRCRAFT AND ANTI-TANK GUNS OF THE BRITISH TANK IN EUROPE: It has been revealed that British anti-aircraft tanks are now operating on the Continent. Their main purpose is to protect convoys on the move against attack by low-flying German aircraft. They are tracked in order to enable them to operate over rough country. The top picture shows a tank with twin Œrlikon A.-A. guns mounted on a Crusader chassis; the picture below shows a similar chassis converted into a self-propelled tank, with a 40-mm. Bofors A.-A. gun. The bottom picture shows the latest development of the famous British armour-piercing 17-pounder—a conversion of the highly-successful U.S. 3-in. M10 tank-destroyer, in which the American 3-in. has been replaced with the British 17-pounder

A GERMAN SPECIMEN OF A LONG-RANGE PETROL TANK : Like many of our own similar devices, this is made of compressed paper : it is attached to fighter aircraft for the purpose of increasing their range on operational flights. When the petrol within is used up, the pilot can then jettison the tank. The specimen above was found near Brussels

AN IMPRESSION OF THE GREAT GERMAN CONSTRUCTION AT WATTEN, now in our hands, which is thought to have been intended as a base for the V2 weapon—*Drawing by B. C. Wood.* Photographs have already been published of this great experimental base in the Pas de Calais ; but its exact purpose still remains a mystery, although the general impression is that it was intended for the operation of V2—the rocket bomb. The main building is an extremely strong, reinforced-concrete structure about 300 ft. long by 200 ft. wide : it stands 50 ft. high, and extends at least another 20 ft. underground. It stands on a wooded hillside in the middle of what is probably the most cratered 50 acres of ground anywhere in the world. The base was attacked thirty-three times by the R.A.F. The blast of the armour-piercing bombs which they used has thrown chunks of the concrete foundation blocks (6 ft. by 4 ft. by 5 ft.) 50 ft. into the air on to the roof of the building. The railway had been constructed from the nearest existing line into the wood. It runs through a cutting into a 300-ft. corridor through the building, the north wall of which is 14 ft. thick. There are steel doors 6 ft. thick at each end of the corridor

The FLYING BOMB; and a V2 BASE



TWO OF THE TRICKS WHICH THE R.A.F. PLAYED WITH THE FLYING BOMBS DURING THE GERMAN ATTACKS ON SOUTHERN ENGLAND. The Spitfire pilots would slip one wing under the bomb and send it down out of control ; or fly right in front of the missile so that their slip-stream would achieve the same feat of destruction—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

During their daily sorties to intercept the flying bombs sent over from the Pas de Calais, the fighter pilots of the Air Defence of Great Britain evolved a number of tactics to defeat the robot missile. One of the types of aircraft flown during this period was the latest and fastest Spitfire, the Mark XIV, built for high-altitude interception, which can manœuvre and fight at 40,000 ft. : it is powered with a Griffon engine of over 2,000 horse-power, and has a new-type, five-bladed propeller. Their armament of two ·5 machine-guns and two 20-mm. cannon are capable of blasting anything in their path. One of the tactics used against the bomb (first employed after a pilot had run out of ammunition) was to bring the fighter alongside a robot and slide one wing beneath the wing of the flying bomb : a flick of the control column, and the gyro-mechanism would be thrown out of balance, with the result that the bomb would crash down to earth out of control. Actually the two wings did not touch at all, scientific examination revealed : at high speed a pad of air would form between the two speeding wings and the bomb was tipped over without actual contact ! Another pilot discovered that, by diving down at colossal speed, the slip-stream of his plane caused the flying bomb to plunge down out of control as it felt the terrific stream of air and explode harmlessly in the sea or on open country. These were only two out of a number of methods employed to defeat the menace of the German V 1

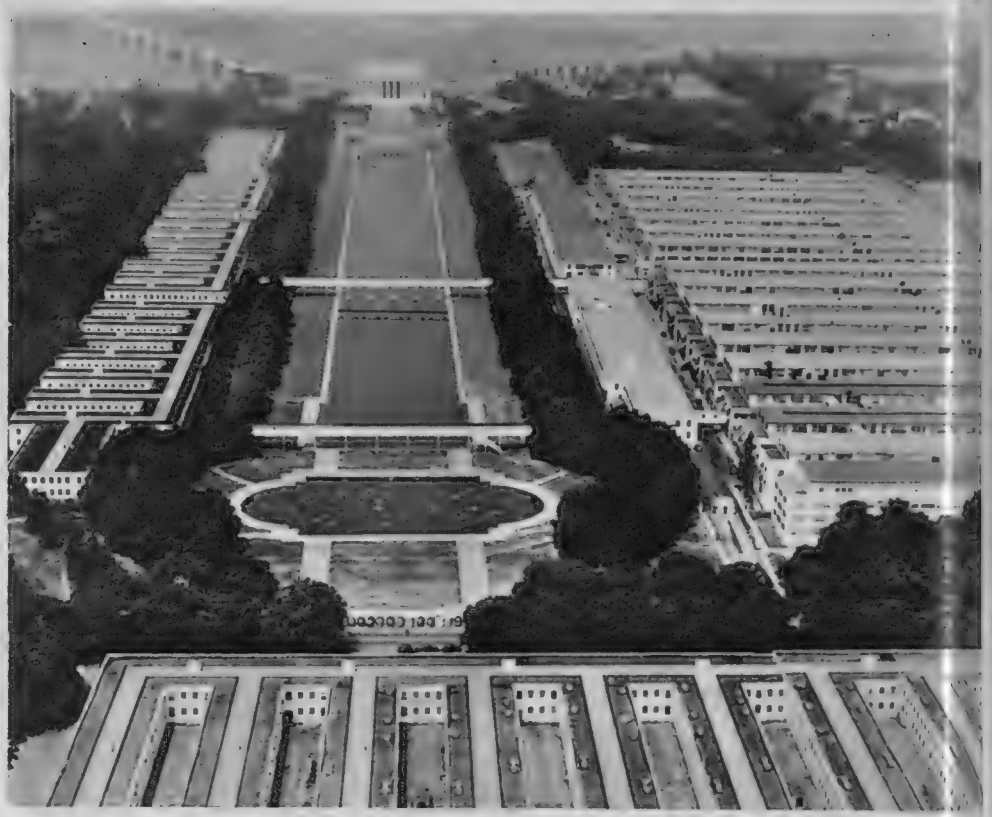
INFORMAL DISCUSSION ON TOP OF THE CITADEL AT QUEBEC: Mrs. Churchill, the Earl of Athlone (Governor-General of Canada) and President Roosevelt enjoy a joke together

ANOTHER DEGREE FOR MR. CHURCHILL: At the Citadel, honorary degrees of McGill University, Montreal, were conferred on both President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. The picturesque ceremony, for which the Premier is here seen arriving in his robes, took place on the Terrace; the degrees were conferred by Mr. Morris W. Wilson, Chancellor of McGill and President of the Royal Bank

PICTURES from AMERICA and Other Countries

Showing Current Activities in Foreign Quarters

AT THE CANADIAN PREMIER'S DINNER: Mrs. Roosevelt with Mr. Mackenzie King at the party, which included all the prominent Quebec personalities



HOW THE NAVY DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON HAS EXPANDED: This panorama has been taken from the top of the Washington Monument in the American capital. It shows the temporary barrack-like structures which have been built on either side of the Lily Pond and Reflection Pool on the Mall to house the expanding Naval Operations personnel. The Lincoln Memorial is in the centre background. The U.S. Navy has grown very fast indeed

MRS. CHURCHILL with the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec Province, Sir Eugene Fiset, at the Canadian Prime Minister's dinner-party

MRS. ROOSEVELT WITH FALA, the President's Scottie, who was also present at Quebec: During the course of his speech in Washington on September 23, the President referred to recent attacks on him and his family. "They now include my little dog Fala," he said. "Ualike the members of my family, he resents this." Here Fala is performing on the terrace of the Citadel for the photographers

AFTER HER RECENT OPERATION IN AMERICA: the Duchess of Windsor leaves Roosevelt Hospital. Looking very fit after her stay in the New York hospital, during which her appendix was removed, the Duchess is here seen leaving by car. As usual, she is surrounded by a curious crowd of spectators, who follow her every action

THE BOY OVER WHOM MUCH LITIGATION HAS TAKEN PLACE: Lance Reventlow, nine-year-old son of Barbara Hutton, plays on Vancouver beach, in Canada. On his left is his stepsister, "Binkie." Behind are Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow and his present wife, the former Margaret Aston Drayton. Lance has been staying at Vancouver since last June, when his father suddenly disappeared with him from a Pasadena hotel on the eve of the boy's scheduled return to his mother

GERMAN CIVILIANS, YOUNG AND OLD, ORDERED TO BUILD REICH DEFENCES. The full-scale defence of the Rhineland has been ordered by the German High Command, and the Todt Organisation has conscripted every available man and woman and youth to speed up the building of fortifications and defences. The German radio has declared that "the war on German soil will be fought yard by yard." Here Nazi civilians are seen waiting on a platform for a train to take them to another part of the Reich for defence construction. Note the Hitler Youth among the party

CIVIL AFFAIRS GET TO WORK IN GERMANY: Evacuees are being brought into the German town of Brand by the truck-load, where they have to report to the Allied Civil Affairs officers. Here they are registered and given food and lodgings. The city of Brand is the centre for all evacuees of the region who have been shelled out of their homes during the clashes between the advancing Allies and retreating Germans

BUCHAREST AFTER THE CAPITULATION OF RUMANIA: The people swarm into the streets carrying flags and banners to celebrate the signing of the Armistice. The ordinary citizen was glad to be out of a war of which he was heartily sick and in which he and his family had suffered so much. Demonstrations were held throughout the capital, and for the first time for a number of years Communists openly paraded through the streets with flags and banners bearing Communist slogans

A PORTRAIT OF MARSHAL STALIN IS CARRIED THROUGH THE BUCHAREST STREETS for the first time since the collapse of Rumania. Under the dictatorship, no Communist dared openly avow himself as such

THE SUPREME COMMANDER MEETS THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE EASTERN FLEET: When Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia, returned from his recent visit to the United Kingdom, he met the newly-appointed C.-in-C. of the Eastern Fleet (Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, formerly in command of the Home Fleet), and General Stilwell, Commander of the American and Chinese Forces in Northern Burma. The meeting took place in Ceylon, which now serves Lord Louis as Operational Headquarters. Here the Supreme Commander is talking with Sir Bruce Fraser on the airfield: in the background is Air Marshal A. Durston, Air Officer Commanding in Ceylon

ADMIRAL MOUNTBATTEN TALKING TO GENERAL STILWELL on the airfield at Ceylon. It was the General's mixed force of Americans and Chinese which captured Myitkina some months ago

THE EIRE OF SOUTH AMERICA

The Truth About the Argentinians—Their Attitude Towards the United States and Britain, and Their Refusal to Submit to Coercion

By CHARLES GRAVES

I ONCE described the Irish as the Spaniards of the North. Equally, I can now describe the Argentine as the Eire of South America. From the Psychological point of view, there is very much in common between the two neutrals. The Argentinians are proud and sensitive. They do not like to be told what to do by other countries, and the more outside pressure is brought to bear on the existing Government, the more support the latter will have inside the country, however unpopular it may be.

If you look at the map, you will find that South America covers 1,000,000 square miles; it has a population of 14,000,000, of whom 100,000 are Germans and 1,000,000 are Italians. The national language is Spanish, and the English colony is not much more than 30,000, fewer than the French and Spanish colonies. English capital invested in the Argentine, however, amounts to £590,000,000, American capital being in the neighbourhood of £200,000,000. The Argentine is the most detached from United States influence of all the Latin-American Republics, not only because it is the most remote in distance, but also because of her economic non-independence; in other words, because the Argentine and the United States produce much the same goods. The Argentine depends much more on England and Europe than on any other part of the world. Its culture is derived from France, Spain and Italy, in that order. Its ideas, clothes, authors, philosophy and artists come from France; its music comes from Italy, while the language is Spanish. England has provided the bulk of the capital and much of the engineering and manufactured goods imported.

To-day, the Argentine is growing up, and wants to be independent of almost everyone so far as is possible. The first step in this direction has been the expropriation of the Primitiva Gas Company. Later, it hopes to expropriate all the public utilities. So far as this country and the United States are concerned, the immediate problem of the moment is the Argentine's refusal to join the United Nations, although she broke off diplomatic relations with Germany in February.

Peremptory questions have been put to the Argentine Government by the United States as to its reaction to a request from any of the Nazi leaders for asylum. The reply has been that the Argentine will not give asylum to any persons whom she regards as war criminals. This is in line with similar replies from Turkey and Switzerland, whereas Sweden has been more specific. Possibly, in view of the Presidential Election in November, the United States Foreign Department has not accepted this as a satisfactory answer, although the question is still purely hypothetical. The reason for this is that, though the Argentinians are at heart a very democratic race, they now have a military Government, which seized power during the Army revolution in 1943, the President being General Edelmiro Farrell, succeeding President Castillo, whose Government was civilian.

The United States public takes, perhaps, an even worse view of military government than we do. The average American, with his fierce love for democracy, feels that while the United States are on the job of defeating the Nazis, Fascists and Japanese military caste, they might just as well see to it that the military Governments of other countries like the Argentine and Spain should, by peaceful persuasion, be removed for the benefit of the local inhabitants. The latest move of the United States is to ban all American steamers from Argentinian ports on their return home to the United States from more distant destinations (to begin on October 1).

One can presume that this action may well make the individual Argentinian more nationally-minded than before. It is a fact that the present military Government of the Argentine is not locally popular. The richer classes, in particular, dislike it at least as much as they liked President Castillo's Government, in spite of the fact that Castillo was unable to run the nation internally, and there was a public feeling of frustration that his Government was not democratic in practice. Another objection to Castillo, who succeeded President Ortiz (a real democrat) at his death, was that his international policy was regarded as very short-sighted. The Army was thus enabled to take advantage of public opinion and plan a campaign to stop corruption and to run the country on progressive lines. Previously, the Argentine Government policy had an eighteenth-century inability to direct international policy in keeping with the present-day world.

The general attitude of the Argentinian public to the United States to-day is that the latter has two weapons: (1) Lend-lease, by which it imposes its goods, plants and ideals on the rest of the world, and (2) contractual arrangements (for the purpose of creating debts) to help the South American countries in a military way by offering air bases, tanks and other weapons of war, together with troops. The situation is much the same as that when we offered to protect the Irish Free State—as much for our own safety as for Eire's. The Argentinian attitude towards this is that if there is any real danger to herself and, therefore, to the United States, she will gladly accept technical assistance and weapons of war, but proposes to use her own troops to defend her own borders. The Argentinian is as fervent about his independence as the Irishman; at the same time, he points out that whenever there have been international disputes about boundaries, his country has always accepted arbitration, and that the frontiers have all been settled by British or American Commissions. He does not believe that aggression gives any territorial or other rights to the aggressors, and claims that the United States has suffered a blow to its international pride because the Argentine refuses to give itself up to the Sovereignty policy which the United States wants to exert all over the South American Continent. Slyly, too, the Argentinian says that under Roosevelt and Churchill the United States and Great Britain have become almost as totalitarian as the Nazis. Then, angrily, he adds that the rival parties in the Presidential Elections are deliberately producing a hate campaign against the Argentine, each side trying to out-do the other in order to catch votes. Next, proudly, he points out that on no occasion during anybody's lifetime has the Argentine defaulted on any of its foreign loans. This is very true, and recently the Argentine Government has been buying back its loans from this country at par, instead of at a much lower value. Against this, however, the Argentine Government has a double rate of exchange, one for imports and one for exports, which is very much to our disadvantage.

During the war the Argentine has become exceedingly rich. In this country alone, it has over £100,000,000 in gold, which can go quite a long way towards the expropriation of British business interests over there. If you ask an Argentinian about the German spies in the Argentine, he replies that there are German spies all over South America; if it comes to that, he continues, there are British and American agents as well. And when the British Government gave actual evidence of German and Japanese espionage in South America, the Argentine Government promptly arrested the lot. Yes, the more one learns about the Argentinians the more Irish they appear to be. They do not like other countries meddling with their internal affairs, and if any meddling is to be done, they prefer it to be done diplomatically, and not in front of the whole world. Nobody, if it comes to that, likes to "lose face"; the Argentinian least of all. So much for the psychological and political aspect of the Argentine.

With regard to trade, there are a number of urgently-needed lines in which Great Britain has hitherto predominated. In 1938, the United Kingdom's share was more than one-quarter of all Argentine textile imports, and, similarly, textiles represented more than one-quarter of Britain's exports to the Argentine. Coal and textiles between them represented almost one-half of all their exports to that country. By 1942, the last year for which statistics are available, the textile imports had fallen by half, of which our share was more than a quarter, although the value of our exports had dropped from 75,000,000 pesos to 48,000,000 pesos. Railway coaches, tinplate, locomotives and spare parts, railway material, bicycles and accessories, mineral lubricating oils, copper wires, cables for electricity, industrial boilers and spare parts, whisky and commutators were other goods in which we predominated; and all of them are badly needed by the Argentine.

Goods which are also required, but in which Great Britain has not yet predominated, are iron and steel of all kinds (the leading suppliers having been Germany and Belgium), agricultural machinery, motor-cars, electrical goods, oil or drilling machinery, typewriting machines and chassis for motor-lorries and motor-vans, for which the United States led the field; incandescent lamps, in which Japan came first; ships, patent medicines and iron pipes, in which Germany came first.

South America has become one of the richest nations in the world during the past four years, and if the peso was allowed to find its own level it would harden very considerably. But the most important point of all about the Argentine is that we import 80 per cent. of her exports of meat, and this, in turn, is half of our total consumption of meat.

THE ROAD BACK TO DEVON: Till quite recently, the village of East Allington, in South Devon, which normally has a population of 334, was a village of ghosts—its cottages empty, its streets deserted. The inhabitants had to go when the U.S. Army requisitioned a large area in Devon for use as a rehearsal-ground for the Battle of France. Although the majority of the inhabitants of this little village are still away, the shopkeepers and farmers have started on the road back to prepare for the return of the villagers. Pushing a handcart down the village street with goods for the store is Miss Efford, whose parents keep the general store, petrol station, radio and cobbler's shop in the village

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

PICTURES from the LIBERATED REGIONS of EUROPE

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY RETRIEVES HIS KIT AFTER FOUR YEARS: During the retreat to Dunkirk in 1940 Marshal Montgomery, then in command of the Third British Division, and members of his Staff were forced to abandon their kit at a small Trappist Monastery near Poperinghe, where they spent one night. After they left, the monks hid the kit: when the district had been liberated by the Canadians, a member of the Field-Marshal's staff was able to return and retrieve it. Here he is seen examining one of the valises

THE NEW BELGIAN REGENT: Inside the Chamber of Deputies in Brussels, Prince Charles stands with his hand raised, as he is sworn in as Regent during the enforced captivity of his brother, the King, now held by the Nazis in Germany

A MILITARY TRIAL OF THREE FRENCH COLLABORATORS AT RENNES: From left to right are Yves Maurice Denis, nineteen, sentenced to fifteen years' hard labour; Jean Caville Duplessis, nineteen, and Claude Geslin, twenty-three—both sentenced to death. They were charged, in the first military trials in Brittany since 1940, with being agents of the Gestapo: the trials were held before a Chief Justice with four aides. The court room was packed with people, and several hundred more vainly tried to enter

WITH SHAVEN POLLS, BUT QUITE UNASHAMED. After American paratroopers had liberated the town of Graves, in Holland, the townspeople rounded up all the girls who had lived with the Germans, shaved off their hair and paraded them through the streets. But these various degradations did not seem to abash the feminine collaborators, who sauntered and smiled their way through the crowd in the manner shown in this picture

AN EXECUTION SQUAD OF THE FRENCH FORCES OF THE INTERIOR: Waiting to carry out the sentence of the court on six French youths convicted of treason at Grenoble on September 2

THE SCENE AT THE EXECUTION: The six Vichy-French youths slump to the ground at their stakes as a member of the F.F.I. firing-squad moves forward to examine them. The executions were carried out at 7 p.m. on September 2 during a downpour: the spot chosen for the execution was a place where, less than two months before, the Gestapo had executed twenty-two members of the Maquis

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

CLUBLAND'S FUTURE.—Among many much more important questions of post-war reconstruction which now occupy the minds of men with time available for such thoughts is that of the future of the London club.

The great club idea—a man-made, man-enjoyed notion, born of the coffee-houses of the eighteenth century and developed on lines of privilege and luxury through the Edwardian Age and into our own times of trouble—is now (many people judge) an anachronism, and the fine Italianate palaces of Pall Mall may soon become unmanageable white elephants—as clubs. In the last five years, they have been battered by bombs and doodles, grown shabby from neglect inside and out and suffered the ravages of economic stringency. The clubs have carried on, by compromises, by amalgamations, by sacrifices of amenities and comforts and conveniences, most of them the stern dictates of war necessity; and none who uses them to-day can pretend that they are mirrors of the idea or the ideal of man-made comfort and luxury which they so long practised.

The truth—the naked, bald truth—is the last thing we seek to discover or to express in social intercourse. Man for ever deceives himself and his neighbour. He condemns out of hand some of his institutions and fashions of thought, while he contemplates others through rose-coloured spectacles and in the haze of departed glories. The bald truth about Clubland, as I see it, coolly, is this: The idea and ideal ceased to have practical point in 1911, when the Age of Privilege expired. Ever since then, it has carried on on compromise and patchwork. It was a great mistake that attempts were made to revive its past after 1918.

The chief glory of Clubland lay in its architecture, and almost all that glory, which has hazed us too long, was outward show concealing in reality inward inconvenience. The famous gems by Barry and Burton and Basevi, cribbed from Roman palaces or Venetian or Grecian monuments, make still a brave show along Pall Mall. But, inside, for the most part their architectural weaknesses have for decades been apparent to all users who have dared to think for themselves. Their halls and lobbies are dark and windowless and airless. Most of them can show but one or two tolerable rooms which supply light and air and a prospect of greenery, for all their matchless siting and setting.

Economically, they possess every possible disadvantage from the point of view of health, of service efficiency and the right use of cookery. They are large where they should be small, small where they should be large. They encourage waste and deny comfort and convenience, light and air. And waiters in plush breeches and "all the illustrated papers" have not concealed (from the few at least among the members) that they have for decades paid a high price for a very antiquated notion of comfort and convenience.

The crisis in Clubland has come again to a head, and this time, I believe, it will not be solved by compromise, by amalgamations and by a return to outworn traditions of the "great days" which will never come again. These Italianate palaces are white elephants. The London club, if it is to revive or survive, must start again in new and more convenient premises, on new and more convenient and popular lines. I doubt not there will be a market for these important Crown leases. Financial and industrial houses will be found willing to swallow and adapt the interiors and to preserve unspoiled the façades, as they did in the 1920's with houses in St. James's Square.

Family Clubs.—The club of the future must cater for families; not for men only. The London club must appeal to the country-dweller. It must afford for himself, his wife, his daughter and his son, the needs of an hotel on their one or two days' visits to London, and as such, I believe, the old clubs could not only survive, but even prosper, without the sacrifice of the one amenity they did latterly still offer, namely, social intercourse among friends of the same ways of life.

Social and political clubs never amalgamate happily. Each has grown up on individual lines, and those lines never ran parallel courses. Brooks's and the Travellers' may tuck up happily enough for a fortnight in September: the Marlborough and White's, the Athenæum and the Union, may lie down together as lambs during August; but not for keeps. We are far more likely to value the company of our members' wives and grown-up children than that of the alien menfolk of even the club most allied to us in manner of life and thought.

It is worth bearing in mind that for five long years family life for thousands has been cut out of the social sphere. Sons and daughters have been absent on service, homes broken up, husbands parted from wives. A return to the sweets of family life is not only a possibility, but a probability worth banking on and planning for. From the club point of view, the fact that many young women who have gone into the world design to continue in careers after the war, does not weaken the point of the premise. All the more reason why the parents and juniors of the family should wish to come up to London at frequent intervals. The London of the future, as I believe, will be less residential for those classes which patronised Clubland. London will, no doubt, still appeal to, and be necessary as a residence for, what were once called "the working classes," but it seems probable that the West End residential squares and streets will never return to their former state, which indeed has been continuously in decline since 1914. Hundreds of large houses in these areas will be for sale or lease, and for Clubland the big houses in Carlton Terrace and Gardens, and any that survive in St. James's, should be well worth consideration by the Pall Mall clubs as annexes or as substitute club-houses.

As those mansions stand, I do not say they are ready or suitable to-day for club purposes, but they are even now infinitely more adaptable to the new club ideals than are the palaces built in the 1820's *ad hoc*. Which would you prefer, on your summer visits to London: To breakfast alone in the gloomy cavern of a "coffee-room" looking north down into Pall Mall, or *en famille* on the terrace restaurant of Carlton House Terrace, overlooking the green trees and sparkling water of St. James's Park?

Changed Conditions.—The axe is indeed laid to the root of the tree. The old club idea is dead as Queen Anne. The club of the future must cater for the family, for both sexes, for a family-loving, air-loving, light-loving, happy people, even for a friendly, social people. The clubs of London and the London of to-morrow must be homes from home and *rus in urbe*.

Nothing can save Clubland from decay and extermination but a root-and-branch reform, and such reforms imply the taking of reasonable risks and the laying-out of money on reasonable expectation of returns. Myself, I think the risk worth taking, the expectations not unreasonable.

For all too many years most of us have been alternately bored to death or frightened. Elderly men of my sort must surely feel a strong desire to avoid, for what is left to them of life, the horrors of boredom. In Clubland, boredom has not been the prerogative of wartime. In the years between, the average clubman had come to dread or to dislike the "amenities" of his club, to feel the desolation of its gloomy, airless caverns, of its unhappy attempts to carry on a way of life which time and economic and social changes had long condemned. He had a growing longing to break out and to shatter the shibboleths of the Victorian era, to let in colour, humanity, light and air; to outlaw the shows and the snobberies and admit modern notions of comfort and convenience. The old clubman went down to Pall Mall to escape from the gossip and trivialities of his drawing-room and to exchange political rumours and speculations with his peers, to play billiards or whist and enjoy once more the sweets of Trollopian bachelordom.

All these conditions are changed to-day. His drawing-room is untenanted, his womenfolk engaged elsewhere. Politics are not of absorbing interest, dividing family from family and friend from friend. Billiards as a game is dead as bear-baiting, and very few people have time to spare to play cards.

It might be that some of the ideals of the old Clubland would revive again if Mayfair and Belgravia were to return to their original uses as residential centres for a leisured or wealthy class. But such a prospect is unthinkable for decades ahead Therefore, the club of to-morrow, if it is to appeal, must clearly cater for and favour the country member and the business man, and, as I see it, it will best offer that appeal by catering for his womenfolk as well. The Carlton Club annexe of the years between may or may not have been a financial success (I do not know the facts), but it was certainly popular and convenient for many of its members and their lady friends. I do not see why the "ladies' annexe" idea need invite all the ills of a railway hotel nor any of the "sport amenities" of a spa hotel. "Paging" and swimming-baths and squash courts are not essentials, nor even attractions. Bedrooms, bathrooms, lockers and cloak-rooms; light and air; simple and quickly-served meals—these are the attainable needs of the new club idea, and I believe they can be secured without sacrifice of the amenities still insisted on by a minority of the older or more conservative members of the famous Pall Mall clubs.

The New London Stage Productions

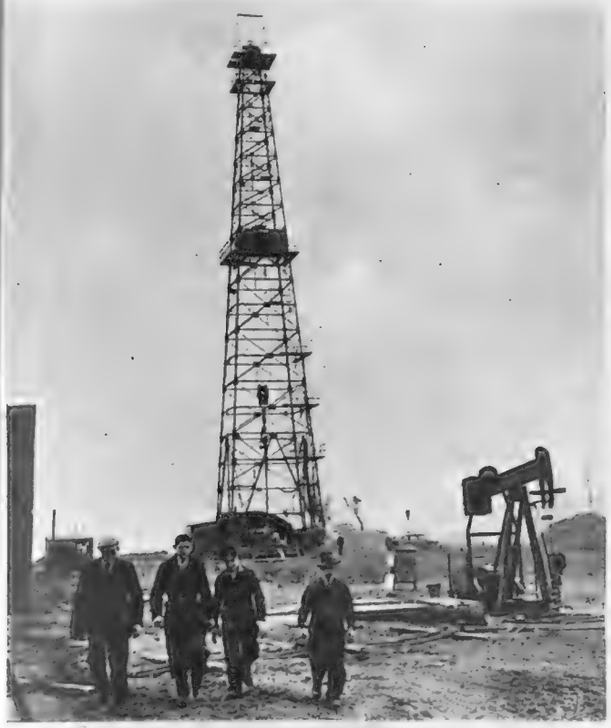
Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

RICHARD III (New).—By far the best achievement of the Old Vic Company at the New Theatre is its production of *Richard III*, with Mr. Laurence Olivier as Richard. Indeed, I would go so far as to say this is the most notable Shakespearean effort for some years (and I am not forgetting the admirable work of Mr. Donald Wolfit). Mr. Olivier deserves the chorus of praise with which he has been greeted. His fine voice, his emphasis on the King's evil sense of humour and the air of the right sort of melodrama with which he invests this strange, grim, uneven masterpiece are responsible for this, and justly. I do not agree with the few criticisms that the "boar" aspect of Richard (see the text) is omitted. Mr. Olivier is a tall, handsome man, who could not look like a boar however hard he tried. Anyway, the "boar" reference is merely heraldic. The important thing is that he is never a bore. Mr. Ralph Richardson is a good second as Richmond, as well as the actual winner in the final dual, which I have never known more exciting. It would be interesting if these two splendid actors occasionally swopped roles. The women have a poor chance in this play, but Dame Sybil Thorndike was in her usual good form, and Miss Joyce Redman again stood out brilliantly in a small part.

THE HITLER GANG on the Screen in London: The film now being shown at the Carlton Theatre is a documented story of Hitler's rise to power in Germany. It opens—in November 1918—in a hospital in Germany, where Corporal Adolf Hitler is being treated for hysteria and paranoia. It then goes on to show his rise to power, and how his plans for world domination are frustrated by the United Nations. There is some excellent characterisation in the film, and some wonderful "make-up." In the above picture, for instance, three of the leading characters are shown—Hitler, portrayed by Robert Watson; Himmler, by Luis Van Rooten; and Goebbels by Martin Kosleck. The part of Rudolf Hess (*on right*) is portrayed by that "old stager" of the screen, Victor Varconi

Three 's a Family (Saville).—I go to so many farces at which I do not laugh, and know jolly—or miserably—well *why* I do not laugh, that it was a refreshing change to laugh and laugh and laugh at this piece. Is maternity funny? One would not have thought so. Yet this play, which comes from New York, where it had a big success, is about nothing but babies and about women who are what is known as "in an interesting condition," and is just an orgy of merriment from beginning to end. It might so easily have been the reverse and just an orgy of bad taste. There is wit, there are genuine and original farcical situations, and the acting of Miss Vera Pearce, Mr. Morland Graham, Mr. Aubrey Mallalieu, and, in fact, of the whole of a clever company, is quite immaculate. In short, all the conditions are interesting.

The Merry Widow (Coliseum).—One misses Mr. George Graves in this revival of the famous old light opera, though Mr. Frank Tickle is an able substitute and duly Gravesian in style. I still think that Miss Madge Elliott, with all her charm and cleverness, is too arch and too mannered for the widow; she suggests a mixture of Marie Antoinette and Lady Teazle. The production is lavish and brilliant, except for that irritating trick of making the stage revolve, with the players on it, in view of the audience. This destroys all illusion. I like merry-go-rounds on Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday but not in theatres.



A DERRICK ERECTED TO DRILL A NEW WELL. This work has been so speeded up that production has started seven days from the time drilling began. The drilling machinery has then moved on to another location within twelve hours

ONE OF THE PUMPS BEING OVER-HAULED BY SKILLED WORKMEN. The storage tanks for the oil are seen in the background

OIL FOUND IN BRITAIN

A Field which Provides 100,000 Tons a Year

A British oilfield (whose location, for security reasons, must still be kept secret) is now yielding at the rate of 100,000 tons a year, or the equivalent of 26,000,000 gallons, which is the production target set by Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, M.P., Petroleum Secretary and chairman of the British Oil Control Board. This oilfield is small but of the highest quality. Its crude oil product ranks with the very best in the world, and yields the whole range of refinery petroleum products. The output—nothing before the war—has risen rapidly as our war needs have increased. And it is oil which the German U-boats can never sink!

OIL FLOWING FROM THE JACK PUMP, which is capable of bringing up 25 tons each day

OIL AND MILK FROM THE SAME FIELD! The pumping machinery is fenced round with wire to protect it from damage from straying cattle

THE HALL AND STAIRWAY IN ONE OF THE NORTHOLT HOUSES. The frame of this building is of rolled steel: others, however, are built of bricks and mortar

HOUSES FOR POST-WAR BRITAIN. At Northolt, Middlesex, the Ministry of Works have erected fourteen types of houses suitable for local authorities' post-war housing schemes. These demonstration houses and flats have been designed with regard to local conditions of available labour and materials. The two upper pictures show the exteriors of the steel-framed houses as they now appear in completeness. The lower left picture shows a kitchen interior in one of the pre-fabricated flat dwellings; it has vegetable cupboards, gas cooker, copper, sink and refrigeration all in one panel. The bottom right picture shows a single bedroom in one of the houses, with radial heating built in on the right

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

REVIEWS of SOME of the NEWEST BOOKS

Life in a Wartime Factory; A New Novel by Mr. Joyce Cary; New Poems by Edith Sitwell; Russian Idealism; A Discourse on American Life

THERE are several hundred thousand men and women in this country who can judge of the authenticity of atmosphere and detail in Mr. Hubert Nicholson's new novel, in which the constant background is a wartime factory and the dubious, brief joys to be snatched from the industrial town in a worker's spare time. HERE WHERE THE WORLD IS QUIET (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) seems to me very definitely to have that authentic ring to it, whether in the author's description of that huge and fantastic section, known as the Remelt, where vast ingots of molten alloy swing round on chains and hoists; to the local pub., patronised by those who follow "the Party line," and named the "March of Intellect."

THE CO-AUTHOR OF THE GOVERNMENT'S SOCIAL SECURITY SCHEME: Sir Thomas Sheepshanks. The recent publication of the White Paper on Social Security has revealed that Sir Thomas Sheepshanks has been hard at work on the plan for the last eighteen months. He is forty-nine years old and is Deputy Secretary, Ministry of Home Security, seconded to Lord Woolton's Ministry of Reconstruction

Joe Mann, the tough Jack of all trades, who arrives in this place and dismisses thoughts of possible boredom by speculating that he can easily go back to sea, to another factory or simply "on the bum" if the work palls, is a real, three-dimensional, credible figure. Though it might seem at first that his life consisted mainly in drink and the successful pursuit of girls, he has admirable qualities. He is straight and generous and, above all, manly.

This is his story over a period of months; his dealings with his mates in the factory, with his slut of a wife who pursues him when her other man is killed, with a publican's silly daughter, with an educated and far from silly girl who has volunteered for factory work, and with himself and his own curiously intransigent conscience.

Mr. Nicholson has a felicitous way with dialogue; probably the secret of which is that he has a good ear:

"'Swearing is according to how you mean it' [says one of Joe's mates]. 'You could use some very nasty words and only mean them as a joke.'

"'Not to that charge-hand you couldn't,' said the sweeper-up.

"'But, man, the shift ought to have downed tools and walked out. The charge-hand swore at him first, and there isn't a man in the shop doesn't know . . . he would try the patience of fifty saints.'

"'There ain't fifty saints in the Remelt,' said the sweeper-up."

Mr. Joyce Cary's elderly friend Gulley Jimson is back with his new novel. THE HORSE'S MOUTH (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is all about him, and, in fact, purports to be by him. His, in fact, the horse's mouth through which the great and incontrovertible truths are at last to be spoken.

I remember Mr. Jimson from an earlier novel in which he lurked at back doors and in hospitable kitchens; a middle-aged painter of real talent, tramp-like habits and voracious appetites. In the present book, he is an elderly man, just released from prison, where he has been serving a term for the fairly uncommon offence of "uttering menaces." With Gulley, this practice is almost an art in itself.

He selects his victim, someone he knows and whom he holds (usually with an ingratitude as base as it is inaccurate) to have behaved badly towards him. He then goes into a public telephone-box, and, disguising his voice, either by holding a pencil between his teeth or some other ingenious means, he announces himself as the President of the Royal Academy, and threatens death and disembowelment to the man who will not buy his friend Jimson's paintings for large sums.

Through all his adventures, both squalid and gay, Gulley Jimson retains intact his passion for painting, and pursues a quest for a plain wall large enough for the titanic picture which is constantly in his mind. On one occasion he ingratiates himself with the owner of a large flat and, when this unsuspecting creature is away, sells all the furniture to buy food and money for paints, and starts an immense mural of human feet, which slightly and understandably alarms the returning owner.

Gulley paints to the end, and dies after a 30-ft. fall from a wall on which he has been planning the greatest of all his paintings. Looking back over what I have written, I see that it has a certain incoherence, for which I'm sure Gulley would be the first to forgive me. "His" book is a brilliant and exciting one to read, and an almost impossible one to describe. All the more reason for reading it for yourselves, as I hope you will.

In GREEN SONG (Macmillan. 5s.), her new collection of poems, Miss Edith Sitwell writes with her usual magic of incantation. For the most part the poet likes to speak as an aged woman haunted by the young beauty of the world. The word "spring" recurs again and again as the symbol of all that for her is gone, and yet remains, luminous and timeless and disturbing.

"I who was once a golden woman like those who walk
In the dark heavens—but am now grown old
And sit by the fire, and see the fire grow cold,
Watch the dark fields for a rebirth of faith and of wonder."

The mood is often that of Yeats in his later work, but as a woman she speaks of the eternal butterfly beauty of youth with a personal and feminine sense of loss and even of bitterness. My only regret, in welcoming these moving poems, is the familiar one that Miss Sitwell's verse is so free. Her words are always so lovely, her rhythms so subtle, that it seems graceless to carp; but perhaps some of her poetry would be more memorable if she had written in a period that paid more homage to the potent old gods of rhyme and metre.

Miss Anna Louise Strong is an American lady who has lived for long periods in Russia, in the past twenty-odd years, and whose writing, as evidenced by her recently-published novel, has taken on much of the characteristics of the new Soviet school of writers. WILD RIVER (Gollanz. 8s. 6d.) is the story of a rebellious Russian boy who is converted to Communist ideals, and who works on the Dnieper Dam project until its destruction before the Nazis.

This Stepan Bogdanov is the leader of a gang of boy outlaws in the Ukraine in 1923; in the present war a star co-operative and a relentless fighter. The war separates him from his wife and his children, and the war forces him to help in the destruction of his beloved dam. But as he tells his closest friend, they are not back where they started. "We're two hundred million lifetimes ahead. We built not only the Red Dawn Farm and the Dnieper Dam. We built the people that burned the farm and blew up the dam in the war to save the world."

MISS MARLENE DIETRICH IN LONDON—in uniform and wearing her North African ribbon. Miss Dietrich is on a six-months tour of the European theatre of war. Starting from New York in August, the film-star, and her team have played in Greenland and Iceland on the way over here, and, to quote her own words, "that makes London feel even better than usual"

The whole book is inspired with this same idealism, selfless and austere beyond the reach of humour. For myself, I find it difficult to believe in a young girl (a champion beet-grower) who says of her baby's future: "I'm no child specialist. The child should spend his days in a sunny nursery, with other children, not all the time in a little flat with a grown-up amateur." There speaks no mother, but a well-assimilated text-book.

Mr. D. W. Brogan is a witty, zestful and inexhaustible conversationist, and something of these qualities is always present in his writing. THE AMERICAN PROBLEM (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) has, besides, all the lucidity of expression and the soundness that one may also expect from him. The book has been designed, to quote the writer, "to make more intelligible to the British public certain American principles and attitudes. . . . My object has been to make what I think is the most interesting country in the world interesting and intelligible to others."

That is, as he says, ambitious in design but modest in detail, since this is a personal book and clearly reflects the opinions, the erudition and the humour of its writer. Mr. Brogan deals seriously with serious things; but at the same time he is not averse from recalling such snippets as the opinion of one Mr. Dooley, of thirty years ago, that when his countrymen had finished with the English language, it would look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy.

Mr. Brogan reviews impartially, but never dispassionately, such manifestations of American life as their veneration for the flag, the urbanisation of country districts, the ceremony of football games and the current political situation.

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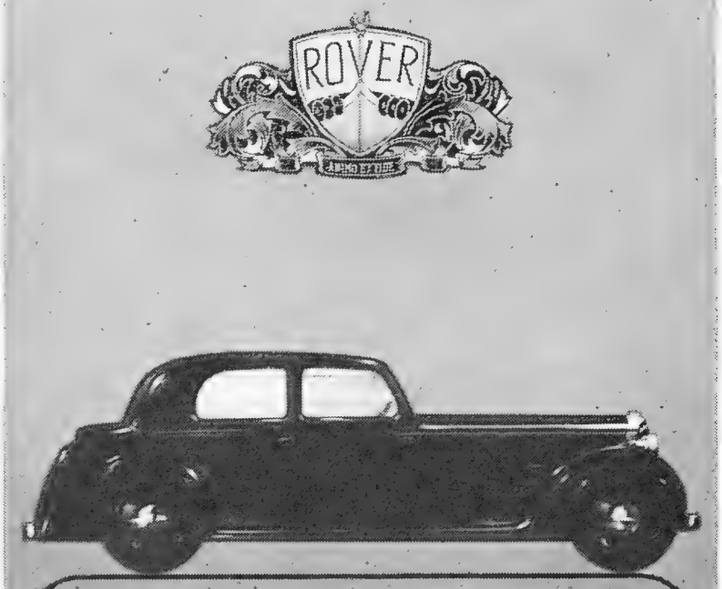

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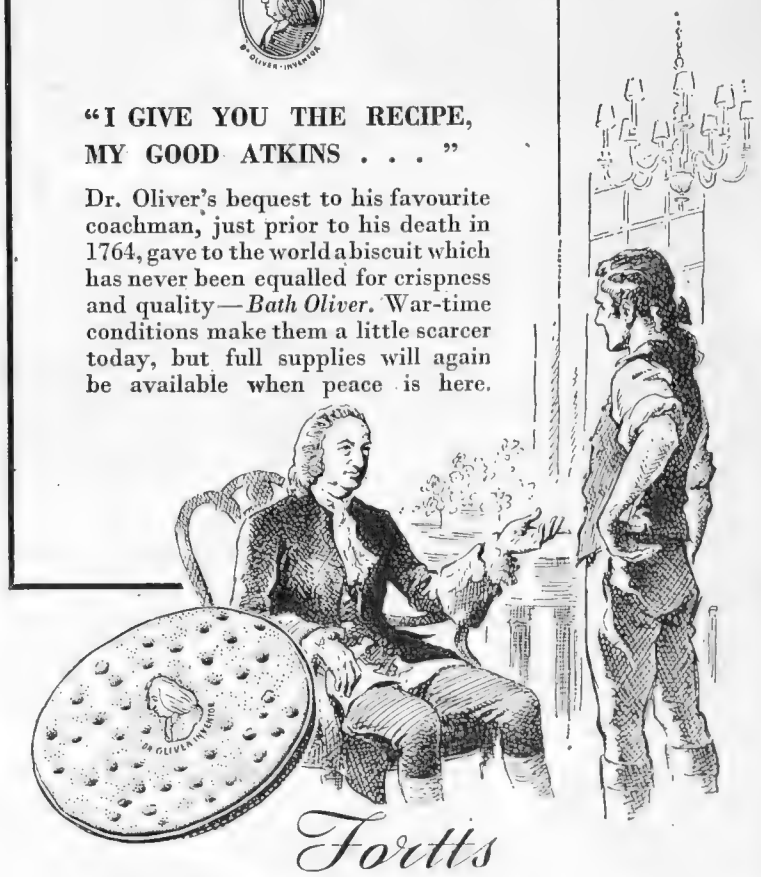

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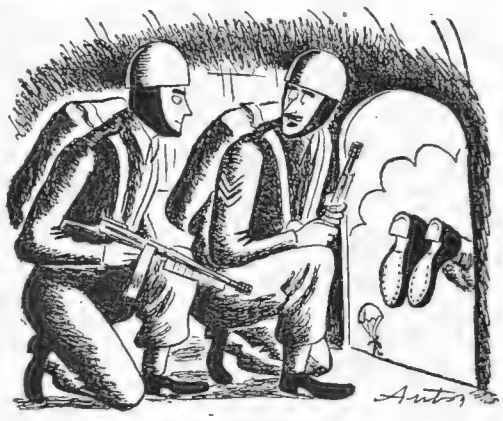

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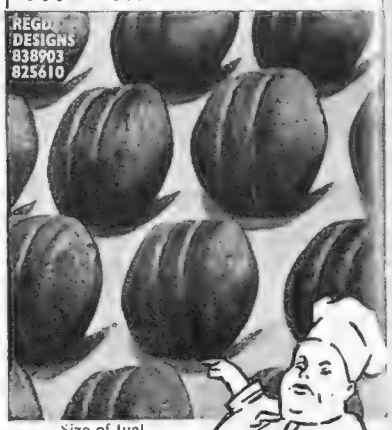

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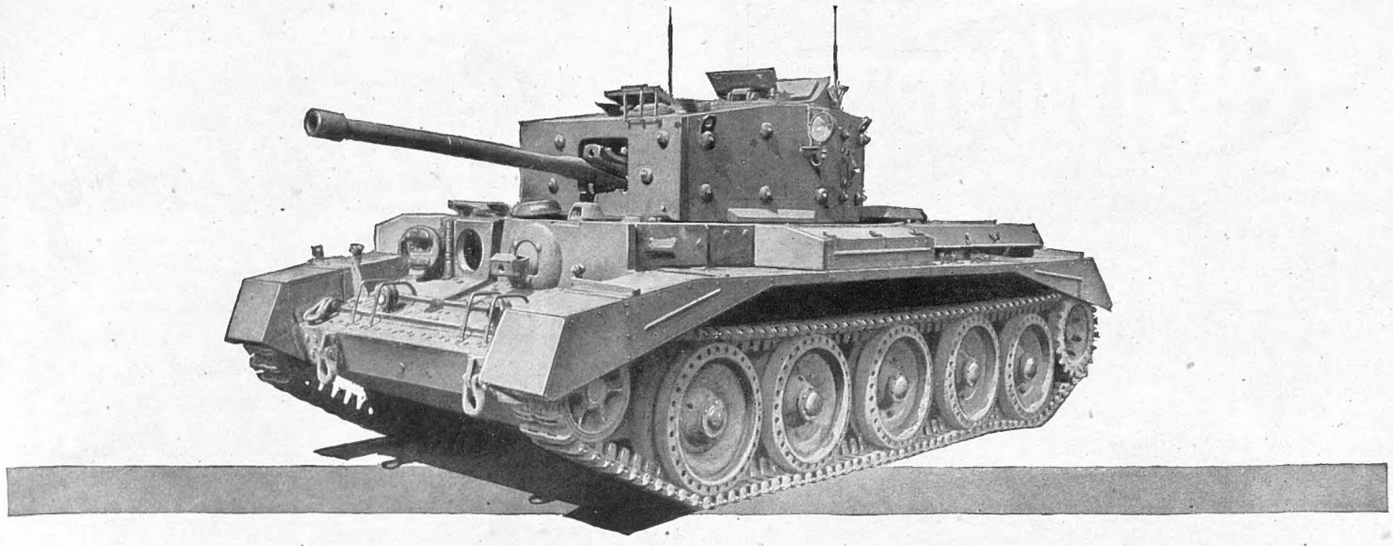

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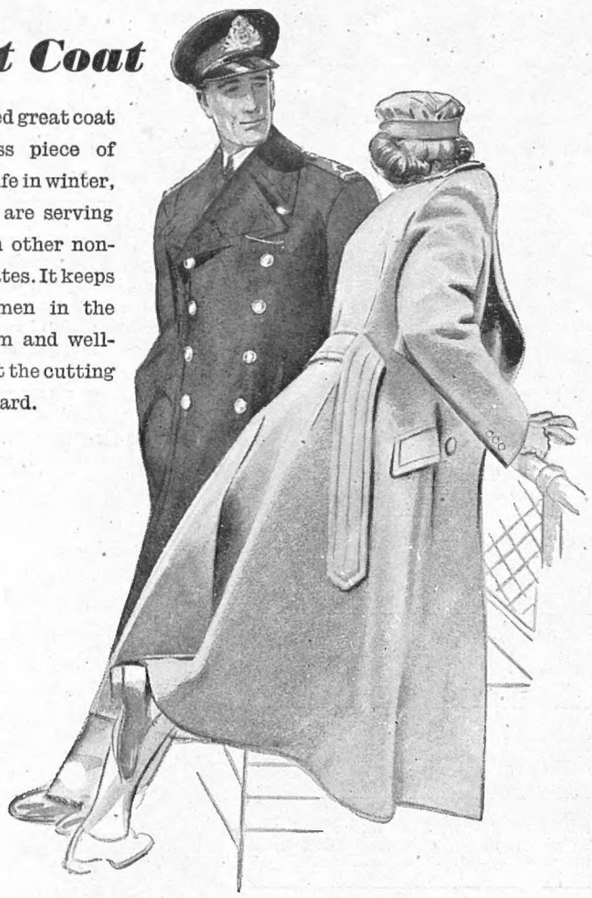

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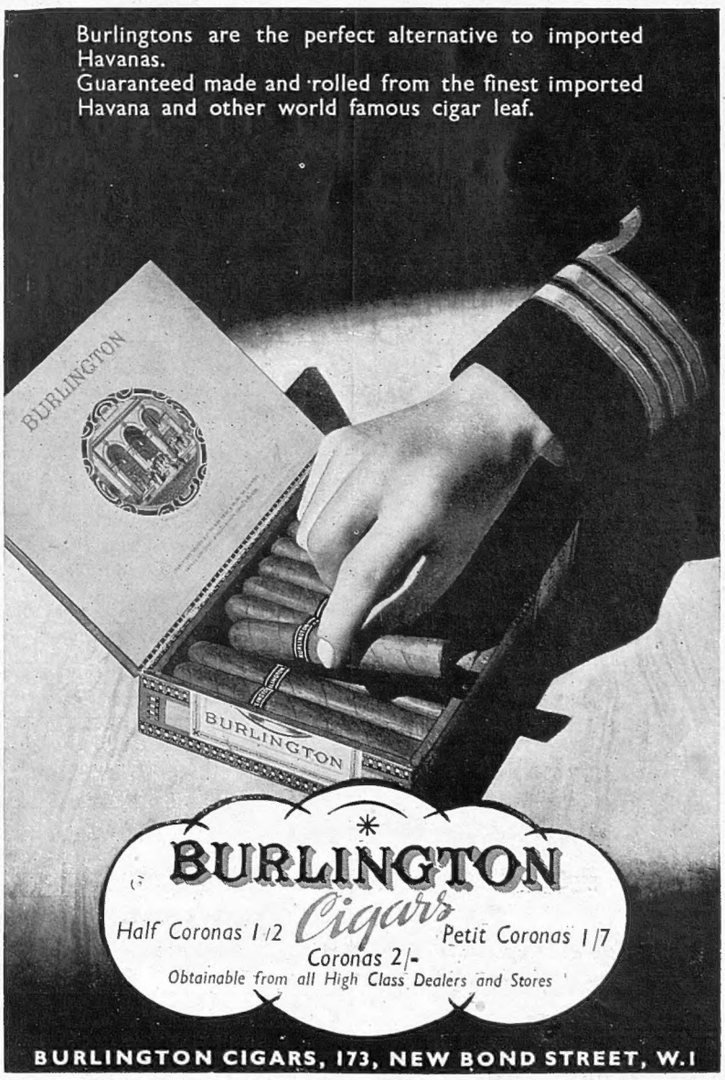

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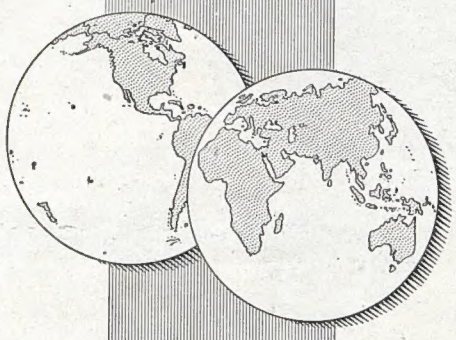

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